LEND A HAND

A Record of Progress and Journal of Organized Charity.

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No. 12.

mighty is not in a hurry, but I am."

This remark invariably occurs to one who stands at the end of the year and looks back to see what reform has been made in the progress of society, or the establishment of that Christian commonwealth, which, in the Bible, is called the Kingdom of God.

This journal has always been called a Record of Progress; and we try, from month to month, to show what are the best steps made forward by the best persons, who are hoping, either by a reorganization of society or by their own work in detail, to make the world a better world than it is. At the end of the year, it is, perhaps, our duty to review the year, and to give the general impression which the correspondence of such an office as this leaves upon the mind. On the whole, such retrospect for the year 1887 is not unsatisfactory.

There is an evident determination on the part of several state governments of America to bring into more system the arrangements which they make in the business of charity and reform. After all that is said by sophomores, and other

Horace Mann, the president of Anti- tion, in a large degree, of public charity, och College, used to say, in a very rever- and under the latter name comes the proent spirit, "The trouble is that God Al- vision for the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, and those who are sick in other ways, as well as the arrangements which are made for providing homes for newly arrived emigrants. It is impossible to separate the methods used for prisons, under the modern view of prison discipline, from those of charities; and, in the different states, the boards which have the management of prisons, and the boards which have the management of charities, are very closely related to each other, if, indeed, both sets of duties are not given to the same oversight.

> The official reports which we have received, from the heads of government of most of the states, are alone enough to show a steady improvement in the administration in each new year. This improvement results from the more frequent meeting together of those who have the charge of the public institutions of charity and reform.

These meetings are sometimes formal meetings, as of the heads of hospitals or of the heads of reform schools, while sometimes the gentlemen or ladies most interested make each other's personal acquaintance in the large Conferences of people, even less informed, on the basis Charities. To no single improvement in of our social system, it is still true that method of the last few years is the public the state in America undertakes three- more indebted than to the meetings of the fourths of the duties which were dis- national Conference of Charities, where charged by the church in the older coun- the persons most interested have an optries of Europe. Among these duties is portunity to talk with each other, as well the regulation of education, the regula- as to bring forward in public the results

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Curnses, year, the Conference at Omaha has been terji, has well said that the principles of particularly important, and we see every day the benefits which are resulting from it. The Baltimore Conference, also, brought together persons of experience, whose addresses and reports make a valuable addition to the literature of Reform.

WE think it fair to say that, on the whole, the year 1887 has seen less of the disturbances excited by the irritation of workmen, and by their combinations in various societies to act against employers, than the year 1886. We have done our best, from time to time, to state those eternal truths, which we conceive to lie under the questions of the employment of workmen by capitalists, and we are confident that, the more these principles are studied, the less irritation will exist in any intelligent community. Dr. Clarke has well said, in a paper from which we publish a part elsewhere, that, between the demand for personal freedom on the one side, and the demand for absolute equality on the other, there must be collision. The two demands are inconsistent with each other, and, if we are to have absolute equality, we shall not have those results of open promotion which give to a free man his right to assume any place to which his ability entitles him. As Dr. Clarke well says, and as is, indeed, implied in the motto of the French Republic, the spirit of brotherhood must intervene in the discussion between freedom and equality. We must be rid of the selfish axioms of the old economists; we must not, even in theory, suppose that every man is seeking his own interest; but all men must understand that they are partners in a great movement, that they share in each other's successes and in each other's failures, and that they live in a common life.

This is to say that an eternal principle of religion is to be the basis of all we attempt in the regulation of our social or-

at which they have arrived. In the last der. The Brahmin speaker, Mr. Chataltruism, or life in which one man lives for another, will never be carried out, unless men recognize at the same time that they are children of God. It is impossible that there shall be a system of social ethics that shall not connect itself with some system of religion, whether it puts that system in the forefront or not.

> THE correspondence of this office, and the public documents which we receive here daily, make us believe that the public attention of America is now seriously directed to the improvement of education by caring for the education of the hand with the same constancy and eagerness with which, in the last generation, men have cared for the education of the memory. Now that the tide has turned, there can be no danger in saying that the people called educators, who, from Horace Mann down, have insisted on the improvement of the public school system, have often made themselves ridiculous by the persistency with which they held to the notion, that the education of some mental faculties, perhaps not of the utmost importance, constitutes the education of the man. One rebellion against this absurdity was led by the passion for athletic amusements which has swept over the country. It is not thirty years since the most careful writers on education were pleading, as so many prophets in a wilderness, for more attention to athletic amusement and discipline. It is quite probable that persons of their breadth of view should now argue on the other side, and plead that the athletic training should not be permitted to overbear attention to other lines of education. The athletes having led the way, the friends of what is called industrial education have also succeeded in obtaining a hearing. It comes to be understood that the memory and the reasoning power of a man's brain cannot for any long time be quickened to any pur

pose, unless, at the same time, he is presented to us by persons in official posimore we come around to the Christian directions, and find ourselves the maxims of the Christian apostles, as we ask, not for an overwrought brain, but for "a perfect man."

WE may as well acknowledge that we are, with every month, to a certain extent, disappointed in our hope of receiving from unofficial persons, engaged in any special work of charity or reform, such intimations of experience as may be of use to other adventurers. It is a great pity that. in every city of America, a set of experiments should be tried, which must be repeated in every other city, with all their failures of detail, merely because nobody has put on paper such mention of the method, whatever it be, which has proved successful. But, although we do not receive so much such correspondence as we had hoped for, our readers are well and ladies, vitally interested in the improvement of the poor, and in the reform of criminals, have been so kind as to send their observations, which we have been able to print for the common benefit. We look back with pride and satisfaction on two volumes which are largely given to the record of such experience. And we speak of any disappointment we have felt, in the hope of urging persons who have been too modest to communicate with us to give us, however briefly, the methods of any success that they have attained, or merely to write out the history of the best "Case" they may have had in hand. These words will meet the eves of readers in every state in America. It must be clear to each one of them that the point of view, which he occupies, will enable him to give some suggestion which will be of interest or value to others.

taught to use his hand and his eye. Once tion, who know as well as we know how great is the advantage one workman derives from the statement of experience made by another. We have already expressed our thanks to such persons, and are glad here, in our annual review of the year, to thank them all, and to assure our readers that we are confident that we may rely on such assistance in the future. The officials of the great charities of separate states, whether they belong to the government of the states or to separately organized societies, are a very important part of the government of America. It is a fortunate peculiarity of that government that it is not entrusted to any president or governor or congress or legislature. By far the largest part of the work done by the governments of Europe is carried on in America under separate organizations, controlled by persons most interested, and adapted to the necessities of each loeality by the experience which that localiaware that a very large body of gentlemen ty has furnished. It is our pride to be the medium of mutual communication between all such persons, whose lives are largely spent in efforts to improve our social condition; and we are justified in saving that we shall be able to present more even of the results of their careful study and observation in another year than we have been able to do in the year which has passed. But for what has passed we are grateful, and of our own share in it we are proud.

WE have said that the review of the year is, on the whole, satisfactory. It is a very interesting thing to remark that whenever in a large city, for instance, one inquires how the tide is flowing, on whose current is borne the real life of the people, the answer given is always distinctly positive or as distinctly negative. One set of people tell you, when you ask, "What of the night?" that the morning is certainly com-We look with more than satisfaction on ing; that things are better than they were the returns and reports which have been a year ago, and that they will be better

erything "is going to the bad." They have some anecdote from yesterday's newspaper, or they have some new account of an odious crime—they permit the color of this particular event to tinge their whole view of the social condition of the place in which they live, and they answer accordingly. What is satisfactory is this, and it ought to be carefully noticed, that the persons, who take a cheerful and hopeful view of the condition, are inevitably those who are studying it personally and in detail. They are the managers of industrial schools; they are the agents of charity organizations; they are the leaders of Girls' Friendly Societies, or of the guilds of churches; they are those who are fighting the devil themselves, and who know how the conflict rages, from their problems which they discuss. They are who calls himself a student of social order.

next year than they are now. Another ready to leave this to substitutes-to subset of people tell you as certainly that ev- stitutes, perhaps, to whom they have contributed large amounts of money, but they have not themselves engaged, face to face and hand to hand, in the conflict with evil in any one of its various forms.

We undertake to represent, not the superficial person who tells us how bad things may be, and probably will be; on the other hand, we wish to make this journal the organ of all those persons, whether they be in places of public trust, or whether they have preferred to engage themselves as individuals, who are seeing with their eyes, and hearing with their ears, the true story of the present condition of the people of America. We are quite indifferent to the theorists. We publish, with great reluctance, even any wellplanned scheme of a reform, which has not somehow or other, or somewhere or own personal experience. The other set other, been tested in the practice of an of people, who are disappointed and dis- enthusiastic and hard-working man or couraged, are infallibly those who rely up- woman. To one such experiment, though on what they have read in the newspapers, it be conducted on a small scale, to which or on what they have heard in the street- earnest life has been given, we attach far cars, but who have not personally inter- more value than to the most ingenious ested themselves in the solution of the plan which can be wrought out by one

BOSTON NORTH END MISSION.

BY CAROLINE T. DUPEE.

writer lived at the "North End," and she street. From morning till night, and in fact all night, that street was then filled most disorderly and lawless types.

done mostly by the churches. Father tively alone.

It is nearly a half-century since the Taylor struggled many years with that North street element, and his influence remembers, with the same old thrill of was felt all through the neighborhood of fear, the drunken noises proceeding from the "Seaman's Bethel." Through his that "Five Points" of Boston, North teachings many a poor sailor was withheld from plunging into those immoral waves that surged up in every part of that with men, women and children of the vile and dangerous locality. The necessity for decisive action was not so gener-Fifty years ago societies for the suppres- ally felt and understood then as now, sion of vice were few. That work was hence Father Taylor worked compara-

There has been a great change in the with unabating energy ever since. of Hanover street, which was formerly filled with a community of quiet, well-bred people, is now populated by foreigners of every nationality. Liquor is sold wholesale and retail on the corner of every street; houses of ill-repute have multiplied in the same proportion; about every block contains one or more pawnbroker's shops; and, over and above all this, poverty and uncleanliness reign supreme.

In North street, which still contains the very lowest order of society, there is an evident change for the better.

In passing through one of these thoroughfares a short time since, and comparing the old noisy days (I suppose the nights are still the worst) with the new and more quiet ones, I thought, how many of the citizens of Boston know of this change, and how much of it is due to the North End Mission!

The laborers of the Mission are manifold, but here an attempt will be made only to give a summary of the work accomplished since its organization. This institution was planted in the very center of drunkenness, lewdness, infamy, poverty and corruption, and has been steadily and quietly working out its purpose since 1865.

The work is divided into three departments: temporary refuge for erring women; Missionary work, as confined to the Chapel, and the Children's Home at Mount Hope.

On account of the Catholic element, the Chapel work was, at first, discouraging. But each year has been marked by some proof of growing interest, and consequently an annual increase in the number of conversions, many of which have proved genuine. The aggregate attendance at these meetings has been 300 or 400.

Intemperance is a monster with which all societies have to contend. The North End Mission entered this arena at the be-

That north part of the city since his ministry, they have been successful in some degree and in many respects for the worse. West is manifest at their temperance meetings. In one year 1,100 signed the pledge. If one-tenth part of these put their names to this paper in sincerity and under conviction of the harm they were doing to themselves and humanity by the use of alcohol, the Mission has not striven in vain. work was commenced with fear and trembling, but " Not willing that any should perish," for want of help and advice, they have continued to fight.

> At the least calculation, one-quarter of those who attend these meetings are of that class of women called "lost" (an uncharitable word to apply to one of God's children). Some are drawn into these meetings by the power of the music, others are led to enter through curiosity, many come, in pursuit of help, in destitution and distress, and some stagger in, through mistake, but no matter what the power of attraction, or what the motive may be, but very few leave without the appearance of having derived some benefit from their evening's experience.

The great achievement of establishing comparative order in North street is due, in a measure, to the women of that vicinity, through the influence exerted at the sewing schools. These schools are held Friday and Saturday afternoons, when women of all ages are taught the use of a needle, and many who formerly knew almost nothing about sewing have become very good seamstresses, and thereby have been able to keep themselves and families better clothed. This spirit of usefulness has also driven out some of the old selfishness; has given these mothers and wives something else to think about beside riotousness; a change which must in some way affect the fathers, for the spirit of either good or bad cannot touch one of a household without being felt by the whole.

At these sewing schools no woman whose breath smells of liquor is allowed ginning of its history, and has struggled to take part in the work. She can remain

and see the others sew, a punishment which is quite a loss to her, as each one has (for a small sum, just enough to encourage a spirit of independence,) whatever she accomplishes. From 800 to 1,000 articles are made in a season, and as the average attendance in both classes rarely exceeds 200 the habit of industry becomes a very important one to acquire. These sewing classes form a part of the Chapel work and have been, not only a cleansing factor, but also a means by which extreme cases of poverty and degradation have been reached.

The Chapel is the door to the Mission, through which hundreds have been led to seek shelter from the dangers outside. But, sad to relate, this shelter is rarely sought until self-respect is lost. It is only a respite from a life of shame they seek; or perhaps driven from some den of infamy without the means to procure a place of refuge elsewhere. Utterly friendless and destitute, and oftentimes in filth and rags, these poor, abandoned women come to this Home where, after being thoroughly cleansed, they are clothed and fed, and for three months are made to feel all the advantages of home-like security, and in that time every means is used to awaken the purer spirit within them, and to lead them to consider the consequences of a life of depravity and sin, and if, during that time, they fulfil the obligations of the Mission the best situations are provided for them. Of course many of these have not the strength to resist outside influences, consequently fall again and again; such are watched over with constant care and every relapse is a signal for more earnest endeavor.

At no time has the work of the North End Mission been better understood and appreciated than within the last six months, since that important question of Police Matrons has been pending.

Miss Fellows, the missionary, by attending the courts every day, has been successful in rescuing many from a term at

and see the others sew, a punishment Deer Island. With knowledge of the which is quite a loss to her, as each one work right before us, no one can doubt has (for a small sum, just enough to encourage a spirit of independence,) whatever she accomplishes. From 800 to 1,000 be imprisoned.

In gathering material for these papers I find no branch of moral work that is not in some way helped along by the W. C. T. U. Here I find a kitchen-garden and Juvenile Temperance meeting conducted by the young of this association. The beneficent effects of co-operation among moral and charitable organizations are rapidly gaining recognition.

Through the Chapel work a helping hand is reached out to the men and every day brings fresh proof of the good seed sown at the Sunday and evening meetings. Not long since, a gentleman said, in speaking at one of these meetings: "Three years ago I came to this Mission a poor, miserable drunkard, without a home and not one cent in my pocket; my wife and child starving. To-day, I have a good home, thank God, plenty of work, and plenty of friends, and money enough to buy all the bread and coal that we shall want for a year."

The matron speaks in a very hopeful tone with regard to the future prospects of the Mission. She says the class of girls coming under her charge are much more intelligent and thoughtful than those of previous years, and consequently more easily impressed by the Christian teachings and moral influences thrown about them at the Mission.

At the beginning of 1887, there were seventy-one inmates at the Mission, 103 were admitted during the year, and 105 discharged. Besides these, hundreds were fed, clothed and lodged.

Mount Hope Home has been a safe and quiet retreat for those who wished to reform, but could not while surrounded by their favorite haunts. A few months here has completely weaned them from old associations, and with all their knowledge of the terrible results of sin, with new pur-

out into the world to begin life anew.

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This Home, more properly speaking, is a nursery. Here are to be found children taken from the lowest dens of North End, born and bred in that noxious atmosphere, but transplanted into this bright and healthful location, surrounded by Christian influences, and taught principles of both outward and inward cleanliness by teachers whose sole work it is to watch and care for them and develop them into something more worthy the name of child. This home is not alone for children of the depraved-many motherless ones have found here kind friends to care for and guide them. Children are also taken here for a few weeks vacation during the summer months, but this is not so satisfactory, as in going back to their homes they are again under the same bad influences; although there is always a hope that some stray seed of good sown here may develop and crowd out more than its weight of bad.

From the income of its laundry from July to January, the North End Mission paid its provision bill and some other incidental expenses. Another means of support is a sewing room, where all kinds of plain sewing are done under the direc- regard to the future.

poses, and higher aims, they have gone tion of the matron. This is not only a pecuniary gain, but a help in keeping busy hands, and in cultivating a spirit of independence. Every inmate is made to feel that she is doing her part toward the support of the Home, and in return everything is done with an eye to their comfort, and the desire to awaken domestic qualities, and to make them useful members of society.

> In reading a report of a charitable institution we can learn but little more than its outline history. It is between the lines we are to look for the disappointments, discouragements, toil, anxiety and tears of those who are actually engaged in the building up of these institutions.

There is no association that I know doing better work with smaller means, or one that has fought its way through greater obstacles, and surmounted more trying difficulties, than the North End Mission. The managers can look back and see that every year has been crowned with success, and that their influence has slowly crept into all parts of North street and vicinity. It needs a more general recognition of the work, and a relief from the fear of lack of means to carry it on, to lift the weight completely, and dispel all anxiety with

LIBERTY, EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

oped is necessarily opposed to any crude form of equality. Liberty does and must in wealth, in position. Under the working of this principle some will succeed dead level, as Spenser's Giant wished to

The principle of liberty as it is devel- crude and poor kind of equality that desires sameness and monotony.

Moreover, it is certain that modern sodevelop differences among men, in power, ciety is built on this principle of liberty, and will never relinquish it. Especially in this country, nothing will be tolerated and others fail. Society will not be a which interferes with each man's right of doing what he chooses under the laws make it, but diversified with hill and val- made by the whole people. The right of ley, mountain and plain. It is only a each man to work or not to work; to join

right to do so; but they have no right to compel others to join them. All this may seem strange to foreign socialists or anarhave to learn that, while their own freedom of action is protected by our institutions, they will not be allowed to interfere with the free action of those who differ from them. The principle of individual freedom will never be surrendered in this country.

On the other hand, we must admit that the principle of equality has claims that cannot be overlooked. It should not be left to employers alone to say how the profits of any enterprise shall be distributed. The employer and employed should unite on some method of determining the rate of wages, the hours of labor, and similar questions. The demand for this kind of equality has grown to be irresistible; and, whether men like it or not, it must be considered.

Here, then, we have liberty and equality, face to face, each based on truth and right, yet each at present more or less hostile to the other. How are they to be reconciled? The answer is, by adding to the principles of liberty and equality a third element of fraternity or Christian brotherhood. Liberty and equality must both stand; but fraternity must come in as the reconciling medium.

It is a curious and suggestive fact that Jesus, in his parables, recognizes and enforces all of these principles. That of individual liberty is fully brought out in the parables of the talents and the pounds. The master goes away into a far country, and leaves the servants free to act out their characters according to their dispositions and their several abilities. In the story of ers less so, but all belonging to one body,

a trades-union or to refuse to join it; to the pounds, some succeed better and othtake part in a strike or to abstain from ers worse, and the natural consequence striking, will be maintained by law and comes to each one according to his conby public opinion back of the law. If duct. Some are promoted, others degradmen desire to sacrifice their own liberty ed; some placed higher up, others lower of action for the sake of higher wages or down. Here we have the working of the fewer hours work, they have a perfect law of liberty described and approved by Jesus. But, in the story of the laborers in the vineyard, the opposite principle of equality is taught. They who worked chists who come among us, but they will only an hour are made equal with those who bore the heat and burden of the day. Jesus does not explain in what this equality consists, but we may well suppose it to mean the equality of privileges which belong to the man who is willing to do right. and obey God, even at the last hour, the privilege of becoming again the child of God, and having a right to the great duties, hopes and opportunities of one created for an infinite development. In these respects all are equal.

This doctrine is also taught in the parable of the Prodigal Son. That declares that the penitent becomes again a dear child, finds himself again in the presence of a loving father. In that blessedness he is again equal to the brother who had not gone astray. But the inequality remains which came from an abuse of his freedom. He does not receive again his share of the estate which he had wasted. In like manner, when we do what is wrong, we lose our innocence and purity and weaken our power of right-doing. which penitence does not restore, and which can only be regained by new effort.

Jesus and his apostles do not teach that all are to receive the same endowments or the same rewards from God; but they declare that "to whom much is given, of him will much be required." They do not teach that all men are equally strong, wise, but they require that those "who are strong shall bear the infirmities of the weak." They teach that there is one body of mankind composed of many members-some members more important, oth-

This idea of brothergood of the whole. hood has infused itself into the human mind, and appears in all the humanities and charities by which our age is distinguished above all that went before. has taken hold of the labor question, working out the problems of co-operation, of profit-sharing, of mutual benefit societies, mutual building societies, improved tenements. It appears in the growing intercourse between employers and workers; in the increasing instances of corporations which provide comfortable and healthy homes, good schools, reading-rooms, music halls, and the like, for the workers. This spirit shows itself in the large establishments which are carried on by individuals and families.

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That which working people, like all other people, need is to be treated like men. They do not expect to be equal in outward possession or position, but they desire human brotherhood and human sympathy. Walter Scott, in "Waverley," describes the daily feast in the hall of the Highland chief, Fergus, where he entertained all of his clan who came on the footing of a family union. Some sat in the upper places, others below, and some out-ofdoors; some had better fare than others; bers of his household. one of the family, this is the leaven which cause of peace and love. is to go through the lump till all is leav-

and each bound to do its share for the ened. Liberty alone is not enough; equality alone is not enough; but liberty and equality, made one in the sense of brotherhood, is the solution of these conflicts between man and man.

No one liveth to himself, and no one dieth to himself. When we realize this fact, and live in the spirit of brotherhood, we are all doing something to put an end to war in all its forms-international war, social war, party and sectarian war. nation can live to itself, or die to itself. Its prosperity and its decay must influence other nations for good or evil. No nation can be independent of other nations. No body of men in society, no industrial or professional class, can be independent of other classes. Society must rise or fall as one body. When the poor are oppressed the rich suffer too. The contagion of ignorance, of immorality, of disease or crime, passes into every part of social life. are members of a great body, sharing its joys and sorrows.

Let us be glad that it is so-that we are all brethren. Let us be glad that every one who cultivates in himself and cherishes in others the spirit of Christ is doing something, if in however small a degree, to put an end to the hatred and strife of the world. We can all do something to but all were contented, for they were the overcome evil with good, something to guests of their chief, and treated as mem-reconcile those who are alienated from This was the each other. Wherever we carry the spirequality they enjoyed. This sense of it of the Master, whenever we take a real brotherhood, this respect for each man as interest in our fellow-men, we help the

MATTHEW MIDDLEMAS'S EXPERIMENT.

I.

Brown Memorial Church at South Ender-I PROPOSE to relate with as little cir- by. Graduating in the class of 1876 in cumlocution as possible a suggestive chap- one of our eastern colleges, Middlemas ter in the career of the Rev. Matthew immediately entered a theological semi-Middlemas, some time pastor of the Jones- nary, and the fall of 1880 found him a

licensed minister. Soon afterward the South Enderby Church, whose pulpit was then vacant, invited him to preach, and a call which he accepted followed. It was not surprising that he received this call, although the church was one of the strongest in that flourishing city. For Middlemas was a young fellow of the first order. His was a large, unselfish soul, a vigorous mind, a body as sound as a coin fresh from the mint. After preaching two years at South Enderby he took an inventory. He found that the congregation had increased in round numbers from 650 to 800, and the membership, as appeared from the church records, from 310 to 369. His people were greatly pleased. They saw in these figures a confirmation of their wisdom in calling Middlemas rather than any other of the many candidates to whom they had listened. They were convinced that it was a clear case of the survival of the fittest. Accordingly to attest their gratification they tendered him a reception in the lecture-room of the church and raised his salary. He absolutely declined both the reception and the five-hundreddollar advance. Naturally the church was greatly surprised. But the truth is that Middlemas was by no means as well pleased with the outcome of his labors in South Enderby as his people were. When one of his deacons, for whom he had come to have a great liking, rallied him on his refusal either to be received or to have his income pleasantly meddled with, he frankly confessed that he was discouraged.

"Discouraged!" exclaimed the astonished deacon; "what nonsense. Why, dominie, you must have the dyspepsia! into one of our leading shops the other day Figures don't lie. The statistics you gave us in your anniversary sermon prove conclusively that our church is greatly prospering under your ministrations. If you'd been doing your best, as I'm sure you have, and had nothing to show for it, even then 'twould be your duty to be resigned. But since you've been rewarded with the taggible fruits of success, to complain—

shall be shut. Still other grog-shops are in full blast that have no license. I went into one of our leading shops the other day to order some new shirts, and had the conviction forced upon me, from the price asked for what the clerk called 'our leading make of shirts, "The Tip-top," that one of the departments of the great house was devoted to the nefarious business of starving sewing women. You must admit, Brother Baxter, that these facts more than offset those anniversary statistics.

well, you've either been eating too much lobster late at night, or you ought to be ashamed of yourself." T

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Middlemas smiled, stared hard into vacancy a moment with eyes not at all suggestive either of late lobster or shame, and then replied: "Yes, I admit, Baxter, that those anniversary figures were gratifying, as such figures go. But the trouble with them is that they fail to tell the whole truth. They prove too much. How great an impression for good has our church under my leadership made on the life of That's the crucial test, isn't this town? it? What shall it profit us as a religious organization if we increase in numbers if there is no corresponding increase in efficient practical service for the good cause? You may reply that the one includes the other. I earnestly wish it did, but the facts that confront me are stubborn things."

"What facts, dominie?"

"Well, there are more liquor saloons in South Enderby than when I came here. So there are more gambling hells and worse resorts. I know what I am talking about, for I've been interviewing the Chief of Police. I learn from equally good authority that the bribery of voters at our local elections was never as general nor as shamelessly open as it has been of late. paper was read a few evenings since before the Municipal Reform Club, showing the disgraceful condition of the houses and streets of South Enderby's tenement district. Many grog-shops are open on Sunday, although the law says that all of them shall be shut. Still other grog-shops are in full blast that have no license. I went into one of our leading shops the other day to order some new shirts, and had the conviction forced upon me, from the price asked for what the clerk called 'our leading make of shirts, "The Tip-top," 'that one of the departments of the great house was devoted to the nefarious business of starving sewing women. You must admit, Brother Baxter, that these facts more

il is rather more than holding his own in South Enderby, and I for one am covered with shame and confusion of face as I think of it. Not any reception nor increase of salary for me, if you please."

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There was an awkward pause. Then Baxter, with a view to re-assuring his pastor, ventured to quote, "When we have done all, we are unprofitable servants."

"Yes," assented Middlemas, with a quizzical expression in his eyes, "but the fact that one has proved to be an unprofitable servant is not to be regarded as prima facie evidence that he has done all. I'm very far from claiming in the retrospect that I've done anything worth mentioning."

"Dominie," remarked Baxter, affectionately laying his hand on his pastor's shoulder, "don't allow yourself to take morbid views of your duty. There are twentyone churches in South Enderby. You would actually seem to assume that the pastors of all of them except our own have been doing valiant service; that the failure of the millennium to reach our city before this is due solely to the inefficiency of Rev. Matthew Middlemas. I call that egotism or humility gone mad, I don't know which. It's my opinion that every one of the twenty-one has been faithfulat all events I know you have. As to the painful facts of which you've spokenwell, you must be patient. You mustn't expect too much to happen all of a sudden. Rome wasn't built in a day; don't expect the temple of moral progress to be. I suspect that labor as zealously as we may, there'll be a good deal of assorted wickedness in this world when we leave it for a better one. The Divine command is, indeed, that we should do whatsoever our hands find to do with our might. But our responsibility ends with obedience to that mandate. Consequences are to be left to the Almighty."

"O undoubtedly, undoubtedly," assent- I get my scheme matured."

The balance is not in my favor. The dev- ed Middlemas, with a shade of impatience in his voice. "But, Baxter, I've discovered a tendency in myself-I trust none of my brother ministers share it—to be so resigned to leaving consequences to the Almighty as not to take as much pains as I might to shape the consequences that I'll have to leave. Just so ministers who are no more called to preach the gospel than they are to make bicycles out of the rings of Saturn, instead of being constrained by their conspicuous failure to abandon the pulpit for a vocation for which they have some aptitude, entrench themselves behind the assertion that the world is to be saved by the foolishness of preaching. phrases are convenient refuges for dullards and drones. I've been a minister here for two years. I find that in that time the town, although growing in wealth and culture, has retrograded morally. I cannot ignore that fact; I owe it to my church, to myself, and above all to the good cause, to look it squarely in the face. It is not for me to judge the other twenty ministers of South Enderby, lest I be judged twenty times in return. But it is for me to give a strict account to myself of my own stewardship. If the light that streams from my pulpit is darkness, it cannot too soon be put out. I've made up my mind to resign."

"Now, my dear Middlemas," exclaimed Baxter, springing to his feet, "let me entreat you not to do anything so ill-advised."

"It is useless to try and dissuade me, my dear Deacon," Middlemas went on with a resolute shake of his head. must look at my own duty through my own eyes. I'm not going to abandon my work, for I cannot bring myself to believe that God did not call me to serve him by striving directly for the Christianizing of the world. Neither have I decided to leave South Enderby. What I do propose to do I'll let you know shortly when

The evening of the day on which he had this conversation with Deacon Baxter, Matthew Middlemas formally laid down his pastorate. His people were dumbfounded. What added to their amazement was the statement in his letter of resignation that possibly in another capacity he would continue to labor in South Enderby. Gaining an inkling of what he proposed to do, his church replied that it was so thoroughly convinced that he was doing a good work where he was that it must deglad to give him an assistant. This proviews, but he assented to it. That done, he addressed a courteous note to each one of his twenty ministerial brethren of the town, inviting them to meet at his house that day week to consider a plan of co-operative Christian work on which, as he stated, he greatly desired to take their judgment. One of the number declined outright, for reasons which seemed to him -although not to Middlemas-good and The rest accepted. On the night of the conference he ushered such of them as smoked into his front parlor, where a box of trustworthy cigars awaited them; to the other two he gave seats in his back parlor; he himself took a chair commanding both rooms. When all had arrived and the compliments of the season had been exchanged, Mr. Middlemas quite informally proceeded to outline for them. about as he had for Baxter, his reasons for leaving his pulpit. Then he went on something like this:

"I realize that I'm addressing the generals in command of the South Enderby division of the army of the Lord. South be nobody's, there are likely to be streets Enderby is not a great strategic point; it or parts of streets in South Enderby on is not a moral Gibraltar nor a moral pass which no appreciable Christian influences of Thermopylæ, nor anything of that im- are brought to bear directly and at short portant sort. And, nevertheless, it is no range. And, as I look at it, there are

mean city, and of course it behooves us to render this division of our army as efficient as possible. It is clear, however, from the facts which I have submitted relating to the moral condition of the city, that our forces have of late been overmatched by the South Enderby division of the army of Satan. I'm at a loss to determine why this should be so. It may be that the great Captain, for some wise but inscrutable purpose, intended that for the present we should be overmatched. On the other hand it may be-and this, I take it, you cline to accept his resignation. It sug- will regard as the more likely supposition gested that, if he would retain the pastor- -that we're not handling our own forces ate and take such a leave of absence as he as skillfully as we might. Why not? desired for any special work, it would be Even the charge at Balaklava was criticised as being 'magnificent but not war.' posal did not quite meet Mr. Middlemas's Now, assuming my conjecture to be correct, I've ventured to invite you to meet me to consider a plan which is calculated in my humble but well-settled opinion to render our division of the grand army much more potent. The plan looks to vitalizing the army, so far as non-sectarian movements are concerned, with the strength that follows union. It is a plan that at least has the merit of simplicity. We represent between us twenty churches. South Enderby is divided into twenty wards of about equal size. That's a ward apiece for each church. Of these twenty wards-so the head of our detective force informs me-ten are to be regarded as reputable, five as a little off color, and five as positively bad. Now I propose that each church be held to a strict account to itself and to all the others for the moral health of one-half of a reputable ward, onefourth of an off-color ward, and one-fourth of a bad ward. In that way we can thoroughly supervise the entire city. I say thoroughly supervise it. As it is, seeing that what's everybody's business is apt to

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scheme. It provides for equalizing the burdens of the churches, it would hold each one of them to a well-defined responsibility, it would prevent Christian workers from conflicting with one another."

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"I presume I know, but will you please tell me, Brother Middlemas, precisely what you mean by work that has no sectarian significance?" inquired Brother Patterson.

"Well, I mean such work as temperance reform, tenement-house reform, Sunday closing reform, sewing girls' wages reform, the phase of political reform that looks to the purity of the ballot-box and the suppression of bribery. You and I, Brother Patterson, do not see eye to eye in regard to the efficacy of sprinkling infants, so that when it comes to denominational work, proselyting work, we could not well co-operate. But certainly we could hitch teams to promote the reforms I have specified. And what crying need there is for hitching teams! We are accustomed to speak of the church on earth as the church "militant." I sometimes ask myself if Julius Cæsar or the Little Corporal or the Iron Duke or General Grant or any other good judge of what was and what was not really militant would be greatly impressed with our South Enderby churches considered as militant organizations. Why, this town of ours is not nearly so well organized to fight the devil as the fire department is to fight fire. Its chief engineer said to me not long ago, with a glow of pride in his eyes, 'We've got things in such bully shape that it's a cold day when we don't put out a fire before it's made much headway.' I wish our churches, which might also be calledbegging your pardon, Simmons (Simmons was pastor of the Universalist Church) a fire department, could be equally successful in quenching the fires of evil."

" Middlemas, do you think your scheme is quite practical?" inquired Dr. Stillwell. "And, granting that it is, is not selfishness, that abound, I feel like tying

other considerations that commend the our Young Men's Christian Association rather than our churches the proper agency for actively promoting the reforms you have mentioned? There can be no religion without morality, therefore let our Christian Association and related organizations labor strenuously for good morals in the broadest sense of the term-broad enough, for example, to include clean streets and no coming in late to concerts. But had not the churches better confine themselves to their appointed work of commending Christ to sinful souls? To reclaim a man from intemperance does not make him a Christian, but make him a Christian and his reclamation from intemperance necessarily follows."

"Possibly the scheme is not practical," replied Mr. Middlemas. "That remains to be determined; but I should as soon think of doubting my own existence as doubting that the churches could properly put it in execution. Our combined church statistics show or seem to show that this is a religious town; but the police statistics show or seem to show that this is not a moral town. A religious but not a moral town! It is a distressing paradox. Mr. Emerson in one of his essays expresses the opinion that if there were less religion in the world there would be more morality. Can it be that this disheartening aphorism was wrung from his soul on his return from a visit to some South Enderby? I quite agree with Brother Stillwell that the work of the church is to commend Christ to mankind. But how can we more effectually do that than by self-denying labors for the uplifting of this community? A tree is known by its fruit better than by the best essay that ever was written on pomology. The easiest way to make a farmer love the tree that bears the Spitzenbergs or the Greenings is not to discourse to him about the trees, but to let him eat of the apples. O sometimes when I go about our city and observe the wickedness, the misery, the poverty, the

a piece of crape upon the handle of every church door and appending this notice:

R. I. P.

In 188— of the Year of Our Lord, This Church of Our Lord, Being without Works—Died. May the Lord Have Mercy upon It.

"I am more and more convinced every day that the work in which we are engaged, although incomparably the greatest and the grandest which can command human activities, is worse organized than any other sort of business that is being done in South Enderby. I've already referred to the fire department; take another instance. The other day I called on the president of one of our insurance companies at his office. I noticed back of him on shelves a large number of what looked like great atlases, and ventured to ask him what they were. He explained that they were books showing by maps all the property on all the streets of South Enderby, and that by referring to them the company could judge of the nature of the risk which it would be called upon to assume whenever any new insurance was offered it. Suppose we had some scheme of Christian work in operation which equalled that for thoroughness; don't you think, brethren, that we could pray 'Thy Kingdom come' with livelier faith?"

"I favor your scheme," remarked Brother Ballagh. "But how are we going to find time to put it in practice? If we undertake it and it fizzles out the laugh will not be on the churches, but on us ministers. Now I for one, what with preparing two sermons a week, conducting a Wednesday evening service, making pastoral calls, officiating at marriages and funerals, and explaining to agents that I have on hand all the maps of Palestine that I really yearn for—I say that with all this burden already on my shoulders I hardly feel equal to assuming any more. The spirit is willing, Middlemas, and the flesh

is pretty firm, but there are only twentyfour hours in a day."

"I have thought of that," said Middlemas, "but as I look at it what you regard as an objection to the scheme is one of its good features. For see, if it is to be carried out, we ministers have got to be greatly assisted by the members of our churches. That will be an excellent tonic for them, will it not? As it is, there is a tendency in our churches toward delegated piety; the minister, single-handed or with merely a handful of helpers, is expected to bring forth works meet for the faith of the entire congregation. Let this scheme be put in force and the pews as well as the pulpits will be compelled to bestir themselves. The result must necessarily be a marked increase of Christian vigor, the moral muscles of the town will be developed along with the physical muscles that swell in the gymnasiums. As for us ministers, if we find we are overworked under the new system, why. we can make one sermon grow where two grew before, and profitably devote the other service to prayer, praise and an informal interchange of Christian hopes and experiences."

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The discussion in regard to the scheme continued until a late hour, and Middlemas succeeded before the company separated in inspiring all his brethren with something of his own enthusiasm. And when he told them that be had resigned his charge with a view to taking the general supervision of the work, and was prepared to be the servant—the general utility man as he expressed it—of them all, they unanimously agreed to give the scheme a trial.

III.

ing pastoral calls, officiating at marriages and funerals, and explaining to agents that I have on hand all the maps of Palestine that I really yearn for—I say that with all this burden already on my shoulders I hardly the devil was not driven out, the bells on feel equal to assuming any more. The spirit is willing, Middlemas, and the flesh the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord."

been in operation a month, it was evident that a tremendous moral revolution was in progress in the town. Liquor dealers who had laughed at or defied or made terms with the police found that they could not stand up against the Christian Union. They saw that to fight it was too big a contract, since it meant fighting, not segregated churches, but the aroused Christian sentiment of the entire community. And so liquor compromised. The saloons that were selling without a license were compelled to collapse; such a pressure was brought to bear from all sides on the Excise Commissioners that they revoked the licenses of the worst of the others; the Sunday closing law was strictly enforced. Realizing that, where whisky abounds, liquors that cheer without inebriating should much more abound, the Union at half a dozen prominent points in the worst wards secured lots, whereon they erected cheerful-looking houses at which coffee, tea and chocolate were served, and to which were attached readingrooms, chess parlors, and bowling alleys, and related comforts. These counter attractions, aided by judicious temperance meetings and a general distribution of good, but not goody-goody, temperance tracts, drove not a few other saloons out of business and served to prevent the opening of new ones. The gamblers fared still worse. The fact that the Union thoroughly covered the entire city made it inevitable that the haunts of every one of these gentry should be unearthed. This accomplished, the following circular was mailed to them all:

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on ear d." Headquarters of the South Enderby Christian Union-SOUTH ENDERBY, May 14, 1880.

MR. JOHN DOE.

Sir:—This Union, which includes twenty of the twenty-one churches of this city, is thoroughly organized and equipped for Christian work in every part of this community. It learns through its accredit-

Nevertheless, before the new scheme had been in operation a month, it was evident that a tremendous moral revolution was in progress in the town. Liquor dealers who had laughed at or defied or made terms with the police found that they could not stand up against the Christian Union.

Yours,
THE SOUTH ENDERBY CHRISTIAN UNION,
per MATTHEW MIDDLEMAS.

This did the business. The gamblers, saying they would never retreat, retreated. The Union found a more formidable foe in the proprietor of one of the great dry goods houses of South Enderby. This enterprising merchant was extensively advertising that he was selling the Tip-top shirt at prices that defied competition. The price for the Tip-top did defy competition; it also defied the wretched women who made the shirts to keep the breath in their bodies—to say nothing about living-unless they toiled sixteen full hours a day. Most of the women employed on the Tip-top lived in Ward Four in unspeakable tenement-houses. The churches that were responsible for Ward Four reported the houses to the Union and the Union made such an urgent appeal to the Board of Health and raised such a storm of popular indignation through the public journals and public meetings that the offending landlords were driven to rendering the tenements healthy and fairly comfortable. How to redress the wage wrong of the sewing women was more difficult. The manufacturer of the Tip-top shirt stood well in the community, gave liberally to charitable objects, and was regarded as "one of our leading citizens." After debating his case for some time the Union appointed a committee of twenty, one from each of its component parts, to wait upon and respectfully remonstrate with him. The merchant listened in silence to what they had to say, and then remarked, while his

face flushed with anger, that he gathered from their talk that they had come to mind his business—with strong emphasis on "his." The committee hastened to disclaim any such intention. They had come, they explained, as Christian men, representing a great practical Christian organization, to request him to consider whether in providing the men of South Enderby with dirt-cheap shirts he was not treating his sewing women with cruel injustice.

"Gentlemen," said the merchant, "this is one of my busy mornings, so, if you please, I'll conclude this interview with two remarks, which you may repeat to the Union with my compliments: First, nobody who conscientiously thinks that he can't afford to pay so low a price for the Tip-top shirt as I am asking for it is obliged to buy a Tip-top; second, no sewing woman who has reached the conclusion that the price I pay for making the Tip-top is unsatisfactory is obliged to work for me. Good-morning."

This ultimatum of the Tip-top shirt man was reported to and extensively circulated by the Union and by the South Enderby papers. The consequence was that before long the majority of the merchant's male customers had decided that they could not conscientiously, could not as fair and square men, afford to pay so low a price for the Tip-top shirt. And just as the merchant was making this discovery, most of his sewing women, who suddenly had found to their great joy that the arms of the church were stretched out to succor them, sent him word that unless their wages for shirt-making were advanced fifty per cent they would seek work elsewhere.

Seeing that he was beaten, and fearing that persistence in his shirt policy would injure his business all around, the Tiptop man, who was a bit of a joker, capitulated in the following advertisement, which occupied a page in each one of the South Enderby journals:

TO THE PUBLIC:

In order to place the justly popular

TIP-TOP SHIRT

at a price to suit the times, at the solicitation of many customers, I have raised the price from 69 to 89 cents; Those who feel that they cannot conscientiously afford to buy the Tip-top at the last-mentioned figure will be charged 99 cents and no questions asked! A fresh supply received this morning.

First counter southwest of the right door.

So, too, arguing that, since the churches enjoyed the protection of the city's laws, the city was entitled to the salutary influence of the churches, the Union went into politics-into politics of the non-partisan sort. It had long been said to the shame of South Enderby that no person arrested for bribing voters or for repeating or for any other crime against the ballot-box at one of her elections had ever The Union valiantly been punished. threw itself into this breach and succeeded after a long series of persistent efforts in effecting radical political reforms. It induced candidates for the leading local offices to pledge themselves openly not to obtain any vote by purchase; at every election it had its own resolute watchers at the polls; it offered a large reward for the detection of persons offering or receiving money for votes; it annually prepared and widely circulated a pamphlet showing the record of each South Enderby office-holder on measures affecting the city; it made common cause against nominations that were an affront either to the public intelligence or the public conscience, it preached as occasion demanded -calling a spade a spade every time, the duty of rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. And so with an everincreasing thoroughness and efficiency the Union pursued its work. Of course mistakes were made. Too much was attempted here, zeal without knowledge was displayed there, the right thing was done in the wrong way yonder. But after charging up all the defects what a magnificent balance there was on the side of spiritual progress! The experiment accomplished wonders for South Enderby.

'Change, at the clubs, in the horse-cars. They said to one another that the Union meant business, that it was plain to see that the South Enderby churches were composed not so much of professing as practising Christians, practising week days what they professed on Sundays. The poor, the forlorn, the sorrowing, blessed the Union. To them it was a helping hand, a tender heart, sympathy, cheer, the golden rule incarnate and ever active. Nor need it be added that the reflex influence of the Union upon the churches themselves was great and glorious. The winter following the summer when the scheme was first put in operation a religious awakening took place for which there was no parallel in the history of South Enderby. It was as though the day of Pentecost had come again. Thousands enrolled themselves under the banner of Christ. What was the cause of this great, this unprecedented, awaking? It was Matthew Middlemas's experiment. Even as one is led to look from Nature up to Nature's God, South Enderby was led to look from the work of the Union up to the Divine Inspiration of the Union. Men and women who had never been inside mas never patented his experiment. of a church and who took no interest in

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Hard-headed men talked about it on their souls were led to ask, Why does this Union take the lead in all movements which are calculated to advance the permanent well-being of this town? Why do the needy find it an ever-present help in time of trouble? Why is it strength for the weak-hearted, a shield for the oppressed, the unrelenting foe only of evil? And when these questions were put to them the members of the Union returned every man the same answer. They pointed to the motto of the Union, "The love of Christ constrains us." And thus irresistibly they commended the Master to those who were without his fold.

> Matthew Middlemas's experiment has now been in operation five years. Long ago it ceased to be an experiment and came to be recognized as the leading promoter of South Enderby's weal. Sin in all its manifold forms is fought as manfully and successfully as the fire department meets its obligations to the community. The churches are as well informed in regard to the character and extent of their risks in every section of the city as the insurance companies are in regard to theirs.

> It is understood that Matthew Middle-RICHARD SCUDDER.

THE BOYS' CLUB.

BY REV. J. C. COLLINS.

[A paper read before the Conference of Christian Workers in New York Sept. 22, 1887.]

"A stitch in time saves nine." "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." "Cure is the voice of the past; to prevent, the divine whisper of to-day."

among boys of the street, for I did my first invited to become the superintendent of knowledge of the crying needs of the was then a student in the senior class in

I NATURALLY feel a deep interest in work is now nearly thirteen years since I was Christian work, and received my earliest the Boys' Club in New Haven, Conn. I heathen in our cities, in a Boys' Club. It Yale, with my evenings to a considerable

extent unoccupied. In answer to my in- while he was engaged with club and voice quiry as to what the Boys' Club was, I enough to accommodate about a hundred boys, open during the week-night evenings of the colder months of the year, and supplied with books and games as a means of attraction to the boys who were accustomed to idling about the streets during the evenings, with eyes open and hands ready to engage in any mischief that might present itself, apt learners and imitators of the wickedness about them. The expenses were paid by, and the club was under the direction and supervision of one of the city benevolent societies. It had been in operation at that time about two years with indifferent success, the great difficulty being to keep order among the boys. I accepted the invitation with many forebodings as to the probable result. I think I shall never forget my first night's experience with the boys. Notices had been given of the time and place of the opening of the club, and a room conveniently located in the center of the city had been fitted up with books, games. benches and tables. With two of my classmates, and the superintendent whom the boys had tired out the year previous. I approached the vicinity of the club-room. As we drew near we found ourselves in the midst of a small army of street urchins. The policeman on the beat was amazed. if not overwhelmed, by the astounding apparition. He did not know anything about the club—that is, this kind of a club, Everything had been very quiet on his beat up to the present. The evening before at that hour hardly a small boy had been in sight. But to-night, unexpectedly, 500 had descended upon him. He did not know what to make of it, and the boys hardly gave him time to ask any questions. After enduring it for a short time, he attacked them and drove them into a side street, but being single handed he was unable to control more than one

standing at one end of the line the other was told that it was simply a room large end would make a bold and precipitous rush away from him into the street beyond. When I arrived and viewed the scene, I felt that the case was well nigh hopeless and I am sure the policeman did. We opened the doors and the boys surged in until the room was packed with a crowd of small humanity. Such a din I have never heard before or since. The upper end of the long, narrow room had been partitioned off for the games, books and desk of the superintendent. I thought it was a proper thing to take a seat at this desk, if I were able to think at all, and that may be questioned. Out of sheer ignorance what to do. I sat and looked at the boys without venturing to utter a word, which, indeed, could not have been heard by one sitting at my side. This was about the best thing I could have done, for the boys, seeing me sitting there and looking at them without a word, were brought out of pure curiosity to cease their tumult. I had prepared a little speech for their benefit and I was very loath not to make use of it. I do not now recall whether I remembered my set speech or not, but after they became quiet I stood up and made them a little address which to the best of my recollection was about as follows:

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· Boys. [tremendous applause,] we have opened the club to-night [cries of "Good," "Good," "You don't say so!" Two boys are put out for getting into a fight.] and we intend to make it as pleasant as possible for you this winter. [Oh, cheese it, mister!" Small boy in the corner with very dirty face goes wild with excitement.] But, first of all, I want to tell you that you must behave. ["Shoot it, old boy!" and cries such as "Hit him again," "O you git out." Next, no boy can use tobacco in the room. [Immense excitement; yells and whistles; several boys fill their mouths with fresh tobacco; wing of the small army at a time, and one boy put out.] Then you must wash

corner makes numerous contortions of face expressive of his opinion about the speaker] and comb your hair every night before coming to the room; [subdued applause, and you must not gather in the street before half-past seven, and now let me tell you again that you must behave. [cries of "O cork up, mister," "Give us a rest,"] and no boy will be allowed in the room who does not conduct himself as he should. Now we will give out tickets." [Great applause; several fights; one boy put out; great rush to the desk for tickets.] After quieting them, we commenced to give out tickets, having the boys come up to the desk one by one. Several interesting little dialogues occurred between myself and the small atoms of humanity who thought they knew more than I did about how a club should be handled, particularly when I requested them to go to the back part of the room and make use of the soap and water provided there, and get rid of some of the surplus dirt. One or two, who refused point blank to undergo any such humiliating ordeal, were sent out of the room and told that they might get tickets on some other evening. After a few weeks the boys were brought under something like discipline, and we managed to secure reasonably good order. This was specially noticeable after the feat that I performed of jumping down a whole flight of stairs after a refractory boy who had suddenly departed from the room with an emphatic remark consigning me and the whole institution to places unmentionable. I had charge of the club for three years, during which time we had as many as 2,500 different boys who were members of it, varying from seven to twenty years of age. The second year the club became so popcity, owing to the capital having been re- games or books as often as they wished,

your faces and hands and comb your hair moved to Hartford. The boys were admitevery [Terrific yells. Small boy in the ted to the room by means of tickets, which contained their names, ages and residences. Other facts, such as their birthplaces, their occupations-that is, whether they were school-boys or shop-boys, their parents' occupations, nationalities, etc., were recorded in a book. The club opened promptly at seven o'clock and closed at half-past nine. Admitted to the room, they found it warm, well lighted and attractive, with the walls covered with suitable and suggestive mottoes. About the room were long tables with benches. The floors were covered with sawdust as a means of deadening the sound, and relieving the boys of the annoyance of making their shoes clean when they entered the room. This sawdust was raked over each night by the janitor and changed once every month. A section of the room in front was separated by a little railing, behind which we kept the games. A little passage-way at one end of the railing admitted the boys to the 300 or more books, which were carefully chosen with reference to their particular needs, many of them being illustrated books. A member of the volunteer committee stood at the door and looked at the tickets when the boys entered. If a thirteen-year-old boy presented a ticket, the age recorded on which was seven or eight years, he knew that deception was being practised, and the ticket was confiscated without ceremony. The result was that a small boy would make his appearance before the superintendent within a day or two with a pitiful lamentation about having lost his ticket or something of that sort. Another gentleman, who was either a member of the volunteer committee or the janitor of the room, had a position in the space railed off for the games. If a boy wished a game or a book he was allowed to take it, giving in exular among the boys that we moved to large change his ticket, and being allowed to and commodious quarters in the old State come behind the desk and make his own House which had been abandoned to the selection of books. They could change

and if a book was defaced or a game not perfect—that is, if a checker-board was returned with some of the checkers missing, or a dissected map with some of the pieces lost, the ticket was not surrendered until the lost pieces of the game were found, and as the boy could not leave the room without showing his ticket to the man at the door he was a close prisoner. We had one game, a dissected map, of fiftyone pieces, which was handled by hundreds during the seven months of the winter, and not a single piece was lost. The one in charge of the games being very near the books, so that by a turn of his head he could see what each boy was doing, prevented much temptation to purloin the books. I find by my notes that the largest number of books we lost during any one season was four. The business of the superintendent was to go about among the boys, who were allowed to talk in a low tone of voice, and walk about the room, and do any other proper thing. Each boy must have a book or game, or leave the room. Idle hands soon get into mischief. I also spent two hours each day visiting the homes of the boys, going about among them on the streets, learning their surroundings, finding out whether they attended Sunday-school, etc. one time I should say I knew as many as 2,500 boys between the ages of seven and eighteen years in the city of New Haven. If I saw a little fellow smoking a cigarette, I did not usually have to speak to him before the cigarette disappeared. Very likely I knew all about him, had been at his home, and he knew that I might mention it to his parents the next time I called. If he did not see me, I took occasion to either speak to him there or at some other time in the club-room. If a group of boys were quarreling or fighting on the street and they saw me coming, that ended it. In these and other obvious ways I was able to exercise an immense influence for good over

to combine amusement and instruction. We had a little wheel that the boys called a magic wheel, that by means of a concealed magnet, and a card placed in a certain position, would, to the boys' amazement, answer questions in geography and history. A dissected map exercised the boys' powers of invention, and was also a study in geography as well as entertaining. We had many other games of a similar character. A small gymnasium has since been added to the club, consisting of parallel bars and spring-board, a horizontal bar and flying rings. The usual means of disciplining the boys was to send them out of the room, allowing them, however, to return the next evening. were sent out three times the ticket was kept from them and they were not allowed to enter the room for a week or two. When a ticket was kept from a boy in this way three times he was expelled. It occurred sometimes, but very rarely, and in fact not at all towards the close of my work with the boys, that I had to use physical force. In this case I would never strike a boy. But before he knew what I was about, or suspected that I meant anything serious, I would slip my hand back of his coat and shirt collar, so that he could not get away from me without entirely disrobing, and with all his fighting apparatus, feet, hands, teeth and head away from me, I could pick him up and set him down on the floor at least forty times a minute, even though he was nearly as large as I was. And in the meantime he was hurried out of the room down the stairs and into the hall, where he was allowed to stop and think. As may be expected his anger was without bounds. But a boy's anger is short-lived. In a few moments he is calm and cool and quiet. through fear of a possible repetition of the scene, and being removed from the presence of the other boys he has no wish to make a show of bravery. This is the momy little friends. The games in the club ment for the lesson. He is shown that a were chosen so far as possible with a view few moments previously he was in the club-

room enjoying himself. He had pleasant feelings because he was doing right. He began to do wrong, throw tobacco or a book at another boy, whistle or engage in some other mischief. All possible means were tried to stop him. They are recalled one by one. His present feelings are dwelt upon and contrasted with his previous enjoyment. He is shown most clearly that they come from wrong-doing. The shaking grows indistinct in his mind and he begins to see that he was at fault. It is a very easy matter at this time to pass to the general, and make him understand that through life in all cases when he did right he would feel as he did earlier in the evening, but when he did wrong he would feel as he does at There was not one case where the boy did not break down, repent and say he was sorry. We called this process at the club-room "going down stairs with a boy." In numerous instances, boys who were previously unmanageable, after a treatment of this kind, were among the best boys at the club. At any rate I never had to do it to the same boy twice, or to any boy who saw another go through it. I did not like to go through it, and I imagine that the boy did not like it either. We had a piano in the room, and on certain evenings ladies or gentlemen would come and play a number of selections, sitting down at the instrument and playing, without interfering with the boys' usual evening amusement. Occasionally also, I think about once a month, we used to have an entertainment and lecture when the boys were not allowed games, but were obliged to give close attention to what was being said and done for thirty or forty minutes. One lecture consisted of a number of chemical experiments showing the composition of water, etc. The night when I closed my connection with the club, nearly 250 boys sat for nearly an hour, much of the time in the dark, listening for a part of this time to a lecture, which Prof. Franklin Carter, of Yale,

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now President of Williams College, delivered on the Roman Coliseum, a large picture of which was thrown on a screen, the lecturer describing the ancient Roman games and customs, and contrasting them with the present Christian civilization in an entertaining and instructive manner. I remember with pleasure that there was scarcely a sound or loud whisper during the entire evening, in striking contrast to my first night's experience with them. Dinners were also occasionally provided on some holiday, for which tickets were distributed among the poorer boys of the The last year of my connection with the club I set apart a small room adjoining the club-room for some of the older young men, those about twenty years of age, who were accustomed to come to the rooms. I called that the "Young Men's Club," and selected a certain number of books adapted to their use. Twice each week I gave an hour of my They were time to their instruction. young men that might generally be considered the "toughs" and members, as the newspapers say, of a gangs," and came straight from the saloons. I formed a little debating society and taught them practically a few parliamentary rules. gave them a little instruction in grammar and spelling, giving them the proper form for the beginning and ending of a letter, with some idea as to punctuation, etc. I also gave them informal talks on government, that of the city, state and nation, explaining to them some of the more essential facts in the Constitution of the United States; how the state differed from the national government. How the president of the United States was elected, The effect was very beneficial. Not only were the young men kept out of saloons, but they received impulses towards useful lives which have resulted in many of them becoming excellent citizens. Several of them have since been members of our city government.

Now, dear fellow-workers, I wish to

work to be done through it is not strictly spiritual, for the boys are in about equal numbers Catholic and Protestant. But it has a lot of religion in it. It leads to an exact knowledge of the religious condition of the children of the community, since by going to the homes of the boys we find out about their sisters and all those who may be effectively reached spiritually. It therefore is an open door to the Sundayschool and spiritual work. It is a night kindergarten for the boys of the street, and may be made in many of our cities and towns a means of successfully resisting the almost overwhelming influence

say as emphatically and impressively as for evil that surrounds many a boy's life possible that this boys' club, if managed by on the streets, and of lifting him into a the right man or woman, and in the right life both honorable to himself and useful way, is a great and grand institution. The to the state. I wish every one of you might go back to your homes with a determination that you will make some such provision as that afforded by a boys' club for the little fellows whom you meet and whom you know are spending their evenings amid the temptations of the streets, The expenses of such an institution need not be very large. I should say that the fitting up of a room need not exceed \$500, while the annual expenses, including the salary of a competent superintendent, would not be more than \$1,200 or \$1,500 per year. I will gladly co-operate in any way with any who desire the benefit of any experience I may have had.

MR. TANGIER'S VACATIONS—BOOK II.

BY E. E. HALE.

CHAPTER XI.

the last degree delicate. George Drummond, with the accurate knowledge of a native, had telegraphed to one of his friends of the fishing gang that he was coming, and Nahum had been sent over to the Junction from Tenterdon to take him and his traps home. Here was one carry-all, which, if people were good-natured, would seat three of the travellers. Mrs. Dunster had sent over her carriage. with Rebus, the "hired man," who directed her destinies. Two could sit within, and, if necessary, one could crowd in on the seat with Rebus, with the baggage. Six seats for five travellers. But how were these travellers to be arranged? Mr. Tangier had left the becalmed yacht they head "Women's Ways," an account

The situation was complicated and to unexpectedly, at a little cove, which gave him as few opportunities of telegraphing as Leif had, the first time when he sailed up the waters of the Back Bay.

> It was a delicate question, and was the more difficult, because there was no one of the five travellers who wanted to take the responsibility of decision. Mr. Tangier did not want to invite himself to ride home with May Remington in Mrs. Dunster's carriage. He felt, rather than knew, that, in Mrs. Dunster's bearing toward him in the two or three weeks since the party had broken up, there had been a certain coldness. He had set down that coldness, as men will, to that general account of "Profit and Loss" which

stead, so that they do not grumble so much because it is wholly inexplicable to them, and because they sometimes have to charge to it great misery and misfortune. Mr. Tangier would not offer, himself, to ride home with Rebus, nor would he suggest that Miss Gurtry should ride with May Remington. Indeed, he pretended to be occupied with the stationmaster, and to be making some inquiries about freight expected for the Old Stagehouse. As for John Gurtry, he had never in his life proposed any course of conduct in a difficult exigency. That was, indeed, exactly what John Gurtry could not And here in a foreign land, stranded like Robinson Crusoe on the beach of an unknown station, with the hiss and steam of the receding tide announcing to him that his fate was irrevocable, John Gurtry was the last person in the world to solve any problem.

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As for George Drummond, as the reader knows, he would have been glad to take Bessy Gurtry in his arms, and say to her: "Dear child, let me carry you wherever you like to go. We will leave all these people and places, and I will carry you to a home of my own. There I will watch over you and defend you from all evil. You shall eat of the best, you shall look out upon the grandest prospect, you shall read from the most charming books, you shall paint the most beautiful pictures, and all you shall have to do shall be to love me truly." This is what George Drummond would have said in a genuine romance. And it is because the George Drummonds of another day said such things, and, what is more, because they could and did take their Miss Gurtrys in their arms and walk off with them into the forest, because of this is it that the romances of Amadis and Huon and Esplandian are as good reading as they are. In a parenthesis it may be added that because the heroes of to-day do not do such things, nor say them very much, is it Gurtry's home, the night when George

which, on the whole, stands them well in that such stories as this in the reader's hands, and other stories, not unlike, are not always finished by that reader.

> The dictates of modern life, and other circumstances, prevented George Drummond from addressing Bessy Gurtry in this way, as he was suddenly aware that he had not spoken to her, since with tears she had passionately begged him to leave her, and had told him that this life he proposed could never be.

George Drummond, therefore, while he assiduously helped Mr. Gurtry with his trunks, offered no suggestion as to the way in which the trunks should go to Tenterdon, nor intimated, indeed, that Mr. Gurtry and his daughter were not to spend their lives at Wentworth Junction.

As to poor Bessy Gurtry, her courage failed her. It was dark. It was late. It was raining. She was tired out. had telegraphed to her friends that she and her father were coming. But the Western Union Telegraph, true to that great policy of discouraging the small customers and working for the large ones, whose payments are worth working for, had not hurried with the message, which, in fact, appeared the next morning. And so poor Miss Gurtry all but broke down. She did not cry. She would have cried, had not George Drummond been on the platform. She did pretend to ask the station-master whether he could send her over, knowing perfectly well that he could not if he would, and would not if he could.

May Remington was mistress of the position. She would naturally have asked Miss Gurtry to go with her, and would have asked Rebus to let Mr. Gurtry sit on the seat with him. But two instincts dissuaded her, rising from two utterly different hypotheses, and vet re-inforcing each other, as diverse instincts will. If, as she had sometimes thought, as she had certainly thought the night when Mr. Tangier was seen returning from Miss

Drummond cut the old horse so savagely with Miss Gurtry, to be shut in by darkwith his whip, if George Drummond hated Mr. Tangier, he might kill him in riding home in the carriage with him. On the other hand, suppose she should ask Mr. Drummond to take home Miss Gurtry and her father? Would not that be a palpable bit of match-making, too gross to be pardoned, observable even by the station-master? The thing to do would be to put Mr. Gurtry into that carriage with his daughter, and ask Mr. Drummond to sit outside with the boy who drove. But for that she had no courage. So May Remington gave no advice, and I do not know but Miss Gurtry and her father might have sat in the ladies' room all that night, as they had sat in the ladies' room at Abydos half the night before, but that Rebus came to the rescue of all parties. Rebus was used to directing the destinies of women, and therefore always moulded, to a large extent, the destinies of men, who are principally dependent upon women.

"Nahum," he said to the boy from the fishing gang, who had come for Mr. Drummond, "back up here. Take this bag on the seat with you. This trunk will wait till to-morrow. It will be quite safe, Miss. You get in here." This to Miss Gurtry, who obeyed as meekly as if a giant in one of those old romances had given to her his orders. "Miss May, I shall leave your large trunk for the stage. you will not need it to-night. Please get in; they are waiting." And he handed the passive May Remington to her seat. "Now, sir, get up with him;" this to Mr. Gurtry, who obeyed as meekly as the others. "Mr. Drummond, Mr. Drummond, they are all waiting. Mr. Tangier, I take you, if you will get in," and he thrust Mr. Tangier in to join May Remington. He bade Nahum keep behind him in the darkness. He took his own reins and drove off, and left George Drummond to enter the other carry-all

ness, and to follow in the darkness.

Do such people as Rebus solve the great questions of life intentionally? Or does some demiurge, working behind them and by them, compel them to these movements of sudden determination, in which they become, for the exigency, the directors of the world?

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Tangier entered the dark carriage, amused and not disconcerted. He had not chosen his companion, but he had the very companion whom he preferred, without having to show that he had made the choice. As for Miss Remington, she hardly knew whether she were annoyed or not. She was too conscious that she and Mrs. Dunster and all that family always obeyed the directions of Rebus to struggle much against his authority. There flitted across her mind a sense of how funny this would be if she saw it upon the stage, and she could not but think that, a moment before, she would have bitten her tongue out, before she would have invited Mr. Tangier to ride with her. But, as she had not invited him. and as he knew she had not invited himindeed, as he knew perfectly well how great the powers of Rebus were, and how desperate was any attempt to oppose him-she acceded to the inevitable, as, in such cases, she had often done before.

As to Mr. Tangier, he was in the happy condition of a man who had done nobody any harm. He suspected, indeed, that everybody in Tenterdon thought that he had done everybody harm. As has been said, he was quite conscious of a certain coldness in Mrs. Dunster's bearing towards him, and he was quite conscious that the people at the boardinghouse discussed his affairs, not in the absolutely friendly tone with which he was regarded at the beginning of the sum-

anybody. And he knew he had done nothing wrong. He was straightforward in his life, and without crime, as Horace says, and, although he did not ever quote Latin to himself, he entered the carriage with the readiness of a man who has obtained exactly what he wants, without having put out his hand or wagged his tongue for it.

"I am so glad to see you," he said to May Remington. "It seemed as if I were never to see you again. And, as I could not tell in this darkness whether you were Miss Remington, or whether you were Lucretia Borgia, I am very well aware that I use a figure of speech in saying that I see you at all." May Remington, a little grimly perhaps, expressed the hope that he was not crowded by her parasol, her little carpet-bag, the roll of prints she was carrying home, or the basket of pears which had been sent as a

Mr. Tangier saw that she was disposed to be either on the defensive or on the aggressive, he was not quite sure which. But he was still light-hearted at the good chances of the interview, and determined that he would find out, before the ride was over, what the matter was with Miss Remington and Mrs. Dunster. For three weeks he had been aware that something was the matter, and now was the time to find it out, if any time there were.

present to Mrs. Dunster.

"You have been quite a traveller since I saw you," he said. "We have had rumors of you at the Mount Adams House; I met Ferguson, who saw you at Berlin Falls, and some one said that you had made the ascent to the topmost peak, if peak there were, of Mount Washington."

May Remington had meant to be cross. was cross. But, all the same, Mr. Tangier was a gentleman, and he spoke with the light-heartedness of a gentleman who was innocent of crime. She had been at all the places indicated; she had forgotten herself, and enjoyed every moment

But he had done nothing wrong to while she was there; and, with the true passion for nature that characterized her in all that she said or did, she forgot, for the instant, that she had meant to be cross with him, and launched out in that enthusiasm with which a person who is fond of nature must speak of the mountains at any time. In Miss Remington's case, the enthusiasm was the more pronounced, because, as it happened, this was her first visit to our little Switzerland. Before she knew it, she was running on in an eager account of the glories of the mountains, as if Mr. Tangier had been the best friend she had in the world.

Mr. Tangier was himself an old mount-There were few of the passes in the White mountains which he had not himself explored. He had gone through the well-known notches with gay parties, on horseback, on foot, or on the top of a stage-coach, when everybody was in high spirits. He had gone through the woods alone, by a spotted trail, with no guide but the brook which he traced, or his compass, or his good sense. He had made his own fire when night came, and slept happily by it till sunrise. May Remington's animation waked the memory of these old experiences, and he eagerly compared notes with her about Pulpit Rock, and the Carter Notch, and whether she went up this valley or down that, about that wonderful garden of orchises which is high above the Tamworth valley as you cross to Sawyer's river, and so on and so on. Both of them, for the moment, in the eager memory of what they had so much enjoyed, forgot that there had seemed to be a cloud on their cordial friendship. And matters were thus well prepared for a return to the experiences, more mundane, but not more commonplace, of Tenterdon and the reorganization of society. Rebus had to stop to leave word with Jonas Wesley about some post-holes which were to be dug the next day; and, from a sunrise view on the top of Mount Washington, Mr. Tangier and his companion had to de-

scend instantly to the present condition. They were not looking at the sunrise. They were sitting in a close carriage, with a pile of hand-baggage on their feet and knees, while Rebus was pounding at the door of the Wesleys. The Wesleys had gone to bed.

Mr. Tangier accepted the interruption. He meant to be at the bottom of their misunderstanding, if misunderstanding there were. If there were not, he meant to

know that there was none.

"I am afraid that you do not hear very favorable reports of the Palace of Delight," he said. "Either we planned wrong, or our plans have not been carried out wisely."

"You know I have been away," she said, recollecting, a little indignantly, that she had meant to be cold and reserved, and had not been cold and reserved at all.

"Perhaps that is what is the matter," said he, good-naturedly, but not with the air of compliment. "I have been away more or less. But that ought not to have made a difference. If the plot were a good plot, it should have worked well, even in the absence of the chief conspirators."

"And why do you think it does not work well?" said she. "We must not expect too much, as my aunt is always

saying."

"No, I hope I do not expect too much. But I had hoped that, if there were a reading-room, somebody would read, if there were a conversation-room, somebody would converse, if there were a music-room, that somebody would play on the piano. Now, as far as I can find out, Aunty Turner is the only person who frequents the house, and every time I go there I am afraid she will have left it in despair, and that I shall find the key hanging behind the door. I did find it so once, when she had gone for an outing."

"Can it be," said Miss Remington, "that people have grown unsocial, and that they are so shy or so proud that they

do not want to see each other? tainly, that night every one was cordial enough," and then, by a sharp surprise, there came back to her the memory of George Drummond's blow on the horse when she and he together saw Mr. Tangier returning from Miss Gurtry's house at the end of the evening.

"I wish," said he, "that I could unravel the mysteries of that evening. I left all of a sudden. In the midst of the fire-works I found your poor Miss Gurtry, faint and all knocked up. She would not ride, but she would go home. I did not dare leave her alone, and walked home with her. But it was later than I thought, and I met all of you as I went back again." He spoke with perfect simplicity and evident frankness. Fortunately, indeed, he was wholly ignorant that this walk, to which he had ascribed no importance in the social problems of Tenterdon, had, in fact, been the subject of

May Remington was indignant beyond measure with herself, that she had ever permitted herself to think a second time of a matter of which he spoke with such

frankness and indifference.

endless gossip and speculation.

Fortunately, it was so dark that he did not see her face. She had nothing to say, and she said it. He broke the moment's silence himself, and went on in the same unengaged and frank way.

"It is all over now, but I may as well tell you another plan I had, though noth-

ing came of it.

"I saw the tide ran against us at the Palace. I saw that Auntie Turner was homesick, and that nothing worked well. And I had a notion, I rather think you or your aunt started it, that Miss Gurtry would be a good element there. I knew about her classes at church, and it was plain enough that her boys worshipped her. So I went round to see her, and I asked her why she could not go to the Palace of Delight, and live with Auntie Turner, instead of living with the Camp-

bells. Oh! I blocked out quite a scheme: that she was to be called 'librarian,' but really she was to be Director of the Hospitalities. After all, there is no hospitality unless there is some one to be hospitable. And I thought then, and, to tell you the truth, I think now, that a bright, engaging person like her, young herself, and who gets on well with young people, would find endless ways and plans, which would make quite another place of our poor gloomy old Palace. But I don't know, I have no art of persuasion. I should have done better with a jury in a mill-dam case. She would not hear to me at all, and went back to her father."

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So, simply and openly again, did he unfold and discuss that interview which had set all Tenterdon on the *qui-vive* of inquiry. Again May Remington bit her lips in indignation, that she had ever, for a second time, remembered that Miss Floxam, in her hateful way, had told her of this visit.

Again she said nothing. But Mr. Tangier, honest soul, did not remark on her silence, perhaps did not observe it. After an instant's pause, he went on:

"Seeing her here makes me almost feel as if I would open on the matter again. She wrote to me from Tecumseh, where her father lived, a letter which she had promised to write, because she had some feeling that I might be able to advance his fortunes. I know some of their political leaders out there, and I might perhaps serve him. I got her letter promptly, and I answered it promptly, but I have never heard from her again."

Once more he spoke without the least hesitation on a matter which all Tenterdon discussed in whispers, and of which even Mrs. Dunster had spoken in writing to her niece.

And once more May Remington felt the blush which she was glad no one could see, which would have shown her mortification that the mild police of the town had made so much fuss about a matter of no importance.

"Now that she is here again," said Mr. Tangier, as innocently as before, "I shall turn you ladies upon her. I wanted Mrs. Dunster to see her, but she was away somewhere, and Miss Gurtry left so suddenly that I could not negotiate. I did not understand that she was to come back, indeed, the exact thing which I did understand was that she was not to come back. And now she has brought her father with her. I wonder whether he is to stay."

May Remington roused herself to a consciousness that she had said nothing, and that she must say something. She succeeded in remembering that Miss Gurtry was very much attached to her father, and had once told her that she was anxious about his health. She thought Miss Gurtry had said that he and she were all, that there was no mother, nor any brothers and sisters.

"He seems delicate," said Mr. Tangier. "But, when we were together a moment, there was something very attractive about his face. Clearly a gentlemanyou might have guessed that, for she is clearly a lady. How would this do, Miss May-ask your aunt how this would do. Might not he and Miss Gurtry both live with Auntie Turner in the Stage-house? Would not that cheer her up-I mean your dear old Mrs. Turner-so that she shall not die of loneliness? Might not Miss Gurtry maintain the elegant hospitality, be the "Hospitaller," as Ivanhoe would call her, and then this quiet, poetical father see to the books, the checkers and chessmen, talk Shakespeare in the Shakespeare club, Mozart in the music club, and science in the Stevenson club? Really, I begin to take heart again."

May Remington was self-rebuked again. If Mr. Tangier had been flirting with Miss Gurtry, he certainly had the most open-handed and public way of announcing the several steps of his flirtations.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the other carriage, very different conversations were going forward.

On the front seat, Mr. Gurtry made one or two inefficient efforts to engage Nahum, who was, however, now taking the direction of affairs largely into his own hands. He was indifferent to Mr. Gurtry's approaches, until he felt that he had completely established his own superiority. He then took the lead in the conversation himself, thinking he had sufficiently subdued the western man. In a long monologue, he eventually told Mr. Gurtry the ups and downs of the enterprise of the saw-mill man, how far it had been conducted as Nahum thought judicious, and in what points it had wholly failed. In this monologue, Mr. Gurtry was compelled to pretend to listen, but was hardly able to say a word.

The other two, George Drummond and the woman he adored, were seated so close to each other that it would really have been more convenient, had propriety permitted him to fold her in his arms, as the books say. Propriety did not permit, and he did no such thing. And here they had a ride before them of half an hour or more, with only the faintest opportunity for him to say what he wanted to say, and with all the thought, quickened to agony at times, of the days of his pursuit. He had not now so arranged thought or purpose that he knew how to address her, when he must speak what Nahum and Mr. Gurtry might hear as well as she.

The whist players have a maxim, "When you are in doubt, take the trick."

A similar maxim in life would be, "When you do not know what to say, tell the truth."

George Drummond did not care if all men knew what all good angels knew, and so he said bravely, "I am so glad you are here. You do not know it, but I have been to Tecumseh to see you." Was she, for a moment, exquisitely happy? Or was there a sense of exquisite misery? In a book she would have started; but in fact she did not start. If he had hoped she would start, he was disappointed.

"To Tecumseh—really to Tecumseh?" she said. "Why, when were you there? We have only just come away."

Then he explained in some little detail that he knew on what day she left Tecumseh, and he certainly surprised her by his accurate knowledge of her movements while she lived there. He told her of his false clues afterwards, and of what he had done—not in undue detail, but carefully enough to make her understand how thoroughly he was interested in his search, and that she, and only she, was his object. The story was long enough to give her some little chance at self-command.

Then there was a pause, which seemed to them interminable, but they could hear Nahum lecturing in a monotone on the price and quality of oats. Drummond would not break the silence, perhaps could not. As has been said, he had been preparing for fifteen hundred miles what he would say. But he had been preparing for a private interview, and not for the chances of being overheard if the prices of oats should adjust themselves. Miss Gurtry on her part said nothing, because she was very much frightened. She hardly knew why, but none the less was she frightened. At last, however, when it seemed as if the top of the carriage would fall upon them and crush them both if neither spoke, she screwed up all her courage, and said:

"Have you friends in Tecumseh?" She was sorry, of course, the moment she had said it, for George Drummond answered in a flash:

"I thought I had one friend there, for I thought to find you."

Then she said again that they left on such and such a day, for it is one of the oddest things about an embarrassed con-

the same statement of facts, either in new words or in the words which have been used before. It is somewhat as in a weak or embarrassed newspaper, when you have read one paragraph, you find the same paragraph put in a second time, under it.

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"Yes," said George Drummond, more bravely this time, "I went to Tecumseh only to see you." George Drummond was willing that Mr. Gurtry should hear this acknowledgement, and Nahum, and the horses, and all good angels. In fact, also, Nahum was by this time lecturing on the saw-mill, and Mr. Gurtry's thoughts were far afield in the intricacies of a decision in the patent-office.

"I wanted to consult you," said George Drummond, boldly, "about an important proposal which has been made to me, which will require me to go to Newfoundland or to Cape Breton."

Miss Gurtry of course should have said, in a tone of rebuke, and with her head thrown up as if she were a school-mistress trying to confuse a pupil:

"Pray, why should you consult me?" But, being rather a human person, and being taken rather by surprise, she did say, "You leave Tenterdon? - and for how long, pray?"

Once more George Drummond defied Nahum and Mr. Gurtry. "As long as I live, unless you say no."

But Mr. George Drummond, being indeed as ignorant of women and their nature as he was of the more recondite problems of quaternions, had gone too fast and too far.

Miss Gurtry was well-nigh alone. She was in low spirits. She did not know what the next day would bring her. She was without a home, and was looking for But for all this she was not to be crowded, and so Drummond found.

lieve you," she said. "You ought to "The first Drummond dried codfish on know yourself better than I do. But I the Isle of Shoals before Mary Chilton

versation that people continue to repeat know I will not let anybody else make up my mind for me, and I do not think you will let anybody else make up your mind for you."

> These words might have been said priggishly or harshly. But they were said gently and pleasantly. For Bessy Gurtry was not a prig, and she was George Drummond's true friend. He saw, in a moment, that he had gone too fast and too far, and that he must begin again.

> "Let me tell you," he said, somewhat apologetically this time, as if he would withdraw the hasty remark she had censured. "Let me tell you. Do you know, have you read in the newspapers, or has your father told you, about this trouble there is about fish?

"Part of it is about treaties, part of it is the jealousy between men of one nation and another. Practically, as Mr. Burdette would say, the bottom question, the real question, the question for the angels, is. How can the codfish and the mackerel, which are now crowding each other in the waters for a thousand miles, more or less, to the northeast of us yonder "-and he pointed to the light-house which they could see in the offing-"how shall these fish, amiable, innocent, and indeed not unwilling, be brought most easily to the plates, not to say the mouths, of hungry people? That is the bottom question. Now, as you know, I am a fisherman by profession. I went to New York, after I saw you last, about our little business here, and there I saw some men who want to establish a Yankee colony down on the coast yonder. And they have proposed to me that I shall be the Captain John Smith of the new Jamestown, or, if you please, the John Winthrop of this new Boston. Of course it is all in good faith. But we know how to fish, or we think we do, quite as well as they do. "I do not think so ill of you as to be- Why, it is in my blood," he said proudly.

put her foot on Plymouth—before Mary Chilton was born."

Then he laughed at his own eagerness, which had indeed implied that Mary Chilton was to blame for coming into the world no earlier. But the sudden outbreak of his enthusiasm in this matter was fortunate for him.

It pleased Bessy Gurtry, even in the reserve which she had assumed. She had always liked this pride of Drummond in his occupation. More than once, she had heard him boast that the fishing gang was employed in direct answer to men's daily prayer for daily bread; and more than once she had heard him run back on little odd bits of the history or romance of fishing, like this allusion to Mary Chilton and to the Isles of Shoals. But the girl said nothing, and so forced him to go on. After a moment's pause, he said:

"And I really wanted counsel. I withdraw all I said before, but I did want the best advice from my friends, and I

think you are a true friend."

This time she could not help saying, "You are quite right there," and she said it so gently and sweetly that the poor fellow took it for more than it was perhaps worth, poor little crumb of comfort that it was. Unfortunately, at the same moment, Nahum had come to a pause in the saw-mill lecture, and gave to his audience what the old Lyceum used to call "an intermission of five minutes."

Once more the dead and dread, silence brooded over the four, broken only by the pattering of the rain on the top of the carriage, and the plash of the horse's feet, as he stepped into the frequent puddles. Once more it seemed to Miss Gurtry that she should die if nobody said anything, but this time she doubted if she could try the experiment; for she could think of nothing to say which she dared say, and she had no such convenient resource as asking Mr. Drummond if he had read the last Howell's, or how he liked the opera.

George Drummond had many things

which he wanted to say. But he confessed to himself that he did not care to have Miss Gurtry's answer to them repeated in the stable the next morning by Nahum. He had taken the measure of Mr. Gurtry well enough, already, to know that he was dreaming of some far-off matter, and would hardly know whether his daughter spoke or what she said.

"I think we all hate to change our allegiance," he said at last. "I think that is in the blood. We all talk about our respect for the gracious lady who has reigned for fifty years, and I suppose I have as much of it as any man has who is not her subject. But the idea of becoming anybody's subject is in itself distasteful;" and then he paused again, to see if he could draw her answer. But he did not succeed. "On the other hand," he said, in a tentative way, "I think it is in the blood of all Americans to wish to establish colonies, or to wish to go somewhere where they were not born. You know the Garfields, for seven generations, died in houses they were not born in, and in most of those generations the houses were built on the land which had been given them for military service. The Drummonds have never been soldiers; they have not always been fishermen; but they have always been emigrants. I was born in Tenterdon, and perhaps that is the reason why I should die in Anticosti." Here was another pause.

Again Miss Gurtry said nothing. It was not that she had nothing to say. But she was a little afraid of herself. She was not quite sure whether she had passed her own line in the last words that she said, and she remembered that

"The dumb man's borders still increase,"

This healthy motto, as the reader knows, has served her more than once already. "Then, again," said George Drummond, almost as if it were the "thirdly" of a sermon, "there is a certain satisfaction in having a thing done

well which is now done ill. I cannot read the newspaper quarrels about this matter with the least satisfaction. In fact, I do not read them. If it would do to say so, I do not think that either government understands at all what they are talking about. I believe that a commission of fishermen, such as I could make among the gang yonder and my principals at New York and two or three gentlemen I should like to name in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, would settle this matter better than all the cabinets in the world. If we know how to do it, why should not we do it? That question comes up to me sometimes." He paused This time Bessy Gurtry thought she was safe in saying: "I see there are more difficulties than I supposed at first. Indeed, there is more involved than I supposed at first, when I thought you were speaking of absence for the season, perhaps. But, Mr. Drummond, do you know the old story about the law student?"

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Drummond said he did not know. "It is a story my father used to tell when he talked more. It was told to the disadvantage of a young lawyer who lived in our Tecumseh. He was at the law school, and the professor asked him what he should do in a certain crisis. And the poor boy answered, after haggling a little, that he should consult a good lawyer.

"Women are so fortunate that nobody asks them to emigrate. If anybody asked me, I should consult—well, I should consult Mr. Burdette or perhaps I should consult Mr. Tangier."

She spoke without a thought of the inference which he would draw from her words, but she plunged a dagger into his heart as she spoke. Mr. Tangier, as it happened, was the only lawyer she had ever spoken to in her life, excepting as a little girl, when she chanced to see one or another of her father's political companions. But, to Mr. Drummond's ear, the

selection of Mr. Tangier as a particular confidant was specially annoying.

Rather grimly and gruffly he replied: "A lawyer would tell me just what I asked him to tell me. He would find out what I wanted to do, and then he would find me a great many good reasons for doing it."

She did not see his annovance, and she said: "And why do you not find out what you want to do and do that? That is what Mr. Burdette says. He says we must take the duty next our hands, but between two duties next our hands we must select the one for which we have the most taste and more inclination, and therefore the more ability. I suppose you know whether you would rather stay with the fishing gang in Tenterdon or had rather go out on the deep sea vonder." Ah, me! if George Drummond could have said, "I will stay at Tenterdon, and will stay there forever, if you will stay there; or I will go out on the deep sea yonder, if you will go there," he would have said just what he wanted to. But this he did not dare say in the hearing of Nahum and Mr. Gurtry. If he had told the truth also, under that admirable rule which has been given already, he would have said. " Can you not understand that, if you are still cruel and hard to me, I do not care whether I live in Newfoundland, or in Boothia Felix or in Madagascar; if you are sorry for what you said to me before, one place or another is as indifferent to me." But he could not say this, and another of these terrible pauses en-It was broken this time by Nahum turning around to ask Miss Gurtry where she and her father would be left. Would they go to the Campbell's, which he took it for granted was Miss Gurtry's home, or where would they go?

George Drummond was only eager to say that, if they would come to his aunt's house, they should have the spare chamber, and the chamber in the L and the

best room down stairs, and everything else on a wet, lonely evening, in which noreceived her telegram. Did Nahum know whether Mrs. Campbell had company?

cross. He was dissatisfied with Mr. Gurchose to know nothing about Mrs. Campbell and her company and the probabilities there. Then it was that George of his about his aunt's, and the chamber in the L, and the rest; but this Bessy would not hear at all, and, at this mo- thing which she could call a home. ment, as it happened, Nahum himself de-Old Stage-house to leave a parcel of newspapers which he had brought over from the Junction. It had been so dark that no one excepting himself knew exactly where they all were. Auntie Turner appeared at once at the door, delighted to have some company at this Palace of Delight

that the house had to give. In a blunder- body had chosen to be delighted. A ing way, he started on some such propos- happy thought struck Bessy Gurtry. She al, but Miss Gurtry did not let him go appealed rather eagerly to Auntie Turon-interrupting him, indeed, to cross-ner, to know if they might not have the question Nahum a little about the condi- use of the "guest-room," which had been tion of things with Mrs. Campbell. She arranged, in the plan of the Palace, for knew that Mrs. Campbell had expected some visitor caught by accident, just as company. She had supposed Mrs. Camp- they were. Auntie Turner was only debell would have had her telegram. It lighted to see a face or to hear a voice, was clear enough Mrs. Campbell had not indeed, and she at once assented. Bessy Gurtry left the carriage instantly, not waiting for George Drummond to give Nahum was by this time wet and very her his hand. Almost with an air of command, she compelled her father to try's indifference to his discourse about leave it also, and did not even take pains the saw-mill, and, as a consequence, he to explain to the dazed Auntie Turner how she proposed to dispose of herself in the arrangements for the night. The poor girl was only too glad to cut short the Drummond again made this suggestion conversation which was so embarrassing, and though it was but for twenty-four hours she was glad she had found some-

And so poor George Drummond was cided the question by drawing up at the carried to his aunt's house to look in upon the loneliness of the L chamber, and the best room, and the rest, with the consciousness that Bessy Gurtry had preferred to stay in Mr. Tangier's Palace of Delight, and had declined to accept his invitation.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S MUTTON.

A Boston Christmas Story.

BY E. E. HALE.

She is my grandmother of the second been understood? power. She is, as Mr. Byerly would say (G. M. × G. M.)=G. M², and my first her husband, that is, would have done thought was to prepare this paper in the well enough, I fancy, in less troublous simpler algebraic forms. But who knows times. I know such men, in these trying

SHE is very much my grandmother. if, in this degenerate age, it would have

My grandfather of the second power,

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times of peace, who think they "get on" very well. I do not think so, but that does not seem to worry them. He would go down to the wharf and there he would meet Mr. John Hancock and Major Molyneux, and he would talk politics and laugh when they abused Lord Bute, and he was as good a Whig as you wanted while he talked and laughed. And then Sam Adams would come along with a remonstrance which Mr. Hancock had signed, and Mr. Cushing, and would say to my grandfather, "Of course you will sign it!" and of course he would. They would step into Mr. Marion's insurance office, which his young men were still carrying on, and my grandfather would write his name, and he would shine with many of the best Whigs of the time.

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But, I am sorry to say that, when he went home to dinner, where my grandmother laid down the law, on which, in fact, that household was run, that "there should be some one to say what should be done, and what should not be done," my grandfather would basely assent to this Tory proposition.

And if, within a week, Gov. Hutchinson looked in, on his way to a whist party, and praised my grandmother's hollyhocks, and took a glass of Madeira with my grandfather, and praised that too; and if he then took from his pocket a large memorial to the King, and said, "Of course we shall have your signature," my grandfather signed that basely just as he had signed the other. If there were not a promise to pay on the back, he would have signed anything, I am afraid, rather than make a quarrel. He was far too timid for his time, and his wife was far too much for him. Such, at least, is the inference I draw from what he would have called the independence, and what I call the cowardice, of his position.

Well, things grew blacker and blacker. It became very hard to be on both sides. Mr. Thomas, his neighbor, chose his side,

put his press in another, and went off to Worcester. But my grandfather could not take the house in Richmond street and the barn in Salutation alley to Worcester. He wished he could. If he could, he would have been as good a Whig as the best of them, and you would never have been worried with this story. And at last came the wounded back from Lexington and Concord, and Harry Knox was gone, and afterwards, when Dr. Warren was killed, pretty much everybody was The barn in Salutation alley was gone. condemned for fire-wood and the house in Fleet street was seized for barracks when Burgoyne came. But the house he lived in was the only house the poor man could live in, though he was quite a rich man, as the traditions say. And he was not of that kind which easily removes anywhere.

Alas! if any one were ever unfitted for times which tried men's souls, it was my grandmother's grandfather.

But, as I have intimated, his excellent wife was more equal to such emergencies. One of those little wiry women, I believe, with very black snapping eyes that shine in the dark. While things worked well, she could keep the house in order, and her husband; she could chat with Governor Hutchinson, and hold her own with Parson Eliot, and could give as good as he sent to Mr. Molyneux or to Mr. Sam Adams. Such, indeed, is tradition, and I know no reason why tradition should not tell the truth.

I have no reason whatever to think that the sharp-eyed little woman "enjoyed illhealth," as so many of her sex do, to the great comfort of the metaphysicians, whose business it is to cure them. But, if she did enjoy it, she had her full share at least, poor soul, before she had done with this world.

And this particular summer, of all the summers in the world, here was this poor lady, hardly fifty years old, I suppose, but and took his types in a cart one day, and with all the cares of youth and age to-

gether. The son she cared for most had died, and his little West India bride had died, and here were their two little girls, hardly more than babies. Now one of these girls, who was her granddaughter, is my grandmother. The little things were rushing in and out of their house in Richmond street, running after every drum that sounded, growing like little witches, so that their clothes never fit them, hungry as little tigers all the time. They were cooped in with her, and her poor timid husband there, all this hot summer on the south side of Copp's Hill. And why couldn't she take them up to her brother's in Sudbury just as she took them last year, as soon as the horse-chestnuts were at their full? Ah, me! that same day of June when we went to Sudbury last year we were this year thinking of quite other things. It was that very afternoon that the little brats were lost, and when good Ma'am Snow brought them back, after sundown, there were great gouts of blood on their little frocks and stockings, because the foolish little things had been tramping after the hospital carts which brought the wounded back from Bunker Hill. And after that, well, they could not go to Elisha's if they would. Gen. Gage was willing to give a pass for her and the children. But her husband did not dare to leave the house, and the warehouse, and the barn. Did not every one know what had happened to the Winthrop House and to the Jones House, and hadn't she seen herself Madame Cradock's nice mahogany furniture carried down into the tap-room of the Bunch of Grapes? No! they must stay here all the summer to take care of the things.

And they did stay. I suppose it was not so bad for the little girls. I am afraid they tramped up and down the North End and the South End. No school for them. I know they went to the wharf to see the boats and the ships, and I dare say, if the truth were told, that they sometimes strayPercy's grand encampment there. If the little wretches appeared at dinner and at supper, I think their grandmother asked very few questions. And there was a certain interior sense in both of them, which warned them, without clock, of the proper time for these re-appearances at meals.

For them, little tigers, bread and butter and Indian pudding, and, once in a while. a slice of corned beef, and, once in a month, a bit of roast pork, kept them alive. The first part of the summer, they had milk enough, but in October the cow was seized and taken to the General Hospital, and the little roll of guineas, which were paid for her, yielded no milk. Then it was that Nancy and Lucy began to turn pale. And then it was that my grandmother's grandmother began to ask herself whether all the mahogany furniture in the world would be any recompense to her if little Lucy and Nanny should grow more pale and should fall very sick indeed. She would not, even in imagination, ask herself what life would be worth to her if either of them should

Now the good woman would have had no such gruesome thoughts, if she could have spent her own summer and autumn as the gentlefolks of her neighborhood were used to do. What was natural on one of these October days would be to tell her husband to be sure and come home promptly at twelve to dinner, to give him nice potted pigeons and a boiled apple pudding, from the apples in the orchard, and then to have the horse harnessed into the "chaise," to leave Nancy for the afternoon at Mrs. Prescott's, to lift the happy Lucy, because it was her turn, upon a little box in front of the chaise, and so to drive out to Dorchester and spend the afternoon with Mrs. Clapp, or Mrs. Gardner, or Mrs. Grant. There they would have a nice treat of quinces and early apples cooked in a dozen different ed over as far as the Common to see Lord ways, with some escalopped oysters and

ovsters on the shell, with a broiled chicken, to show the glories of the Dorchester cookery. But, woe is me! the bay horse has long been hauling artillery, the chaise is standing on its head in the back of the barn, so that there are no such frolics for us in this sad October.

And now it was not the children who felt the siege, it was their grandmother. It was she who began to hate the sight of corned beef and salt pork.

It was she even who bribed the old halfwitted beggar, Nathan Num. to go out on the flats, where the sentinels would not see him, and dig her some clams. But even then, alas, when the chowder was made, she did not relish it. It would have been better to leave the things to those hateful soldiers, and to have taken the children to Sudbury!

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The hardest strain came with Thanksgiving day. The children did not remember a great deal about the past, but they did remember the Thanksgiving feast, and their grandfather and grandmother remembered it too, alas! And now to have a Thanksgiving without any cousins from Weston or Sudbury or from Andover, this was sad enough to the grandmother and grandfather. And to have a Thanksgiving without any roast turkey, or apple-pie, or cranberry sauce, this was gall and wormwood to Lucy and Nanny. A Thanksgiving dinner, made of a piece of boiled corned beef, seemed to be a sad enough satire. Whether, indeed, General Howe would let them give thanks on the day when the Provincial Congress bade them, this had been questioned by some of the older children; and when, one evening, in the presence of a few people, that question had been raised, their grandfather had said, angrily enough, that he saw very little to give thanks for. This brought up new doubts, but their grandfather was not so severe but that when the Thursday came, which, by divine inspiration, they knew was Thanksgiving day everywhere outside of Boston,

she had ready Marlborough pies, and squash-pies, made from Ma'am Snow's squashes; and, although there was never a cranberry tart, there were mince-pies after a fashion, though their grandmother did sigh that she had not a fresh cow's tongue to chop to put in with her mincemeat. And grandfather did unbend so far that he did have a box of raisins opened, and the feast was a feast after all. though there were no cousins from Sudbury or from Weston.

But this was their grandmother's last effort. Plain enough to Lucy and Nanny was it, though they were such little girls, that she had found it hard to stand over Sukey and Tryphosa in the kitchen through Wednesday and through Thursday morning; and, when Friday morning came, she did not even leave her bed. called Nanny to her, and told her to tell the girls to get breakfast without her, and then to bring her a cup of tea, for they had tea again now, but that she should want nothing more. And the next day it was the same, and the next day it was the same. One day, Parson Eliot came in, and when he found that she had been staying in bed for three or four days he made a row about it, and insisted upon it that the doctor should be sent for. Doctor Jeffries was sent for and came, and came again, and then he brought with him one of the English doctors, and they went into grandmother's room, and then they went into the best chamber, and they staved in the best chamber a good while. And then Sukey was called, and then Sukey called Nanny, and Nanny was told to go down to the wharf and bring up her grandfather, because the doctors wanted to see him; and then the doctors saw her grandfather, and then they went away; and after that the children had to be much more quiet. And, a few days after that, a notice was put up at the head of the street that heavy-laden carts were requested to pass by another way, because there was sickness in this house. In a

they asked questions, they were only scolded, so they soon ceased to ask questions; but they kept up a close observation while they kept themselves largely out of the way.

But, one December morning, when the sky was perfectly bright and clear, after a lovely fall of snow, when Sukey had tied up the little girls in their winter clothes and tied their hoods on their heads, and put on the nice new carpet moccasins which their mother had made for winter, they both went up to Copp's Hill to play. The boys were coasting there, and sometimes a good-natured boy would give one of the girls a coast upon his sled. They took very little note of time, and only went home when they began to feel hungry, and thought they should like a doughnut or a bit of gingerbread. As they went into the house, Doctor Jeffries was coming out. They had seen his chaise standing at the corner of the street. The children were afraid of Doctor Jeffries generally, but at this moment he looked more good-natured; and, seeing their little rosy cheeks, he stopped and asked them if they had had a good time coasting, and then said, "We are all right here now; if we could only get something for your grandmother to eat she would be quite herself again. Now," said he, "if you are good girls, you will keep your eyes open and whenever a hen cackles in the neighborhood you will be the first to see that there is a fresh egg brought into the house. That is a good way for you to take care of your grandmother, as she has so long taken care of you."

How often, in after days, did these two little girls recur to that moment as being the first in which they learned that central truth of life that a great deal depends on nourishment. "Question of nourishment," the doctors call it to-day. How eagerly they listened for the cackling of I do not think there were any chimes hens. And how proud Nanny was when, rung, even in Christ Church, which is

dozen ways, the children found out that one day, she did absolutely find a fresh their grandmother was much more ill. If egg, warm from the hen, which she seized upon at once, in the upper oak chamber of old Deacon Plummer's house, and carried it down to Madam Plummer to ask if she might not have it to make a custard for her grandmother. That was the one real victory, but the story of that victory went far and wide.

> But grandmother could not live wholly upon custards, and the children overheard their low-toned grandfather, as he growled out his maledictions upon the rebels, who were not satisfied with cutting off the country trade, but were starving his wife to death. As for the children, their political opinions varied from hour to hour. They had a certain enthusiasm for some of the red-coat officers. But they did not like to be called rebels, and Yankees, and, while they had no great enthusiasm for the army on the other side of the river, they felt, somehow, that they should be very glad if they never saw a red-coat soldier again. What they knew was that the last fresh mutton they had seen was that which had been brought from Rhode Island three months before, and sold at exorbitant prices at auction; that nobody whom they knew had eaten fresh beef since summer, and that grandmother could not eat pork, even if they had it.

So passed the four weeks that followed Thanksgiving. Grandmamma was worse, grandmamma was better, and, if grandmamma could have what she liked to eat, grandmamma would be well. I do not think these children knew when they came to the 24th of December that they were on the eve of a great holiday. I think Parson Eliot knew it, and I think he was very careful not to tell them. I think Doctor Jeffries knew it, but I know that he did not tell them. I doubt if Sukey or Tryphosa knew it, and, if their grandfather knew it, he never said a word about it. And, when the morning of the 25th came,

not far away. I know these children had no stockings hung up, and I know they were sound asleep, as they were apt to be, when their grandfather rose from bed.

He found his way into the kitchen, poked open the fire, and blew a coal into a blaze, lighted a candle for himself, and went back to dress himself with the care which he never forgot, and would not have forgotten had he been on a sinking ship, or had the time to dress come around in the crash of an invading army. He sighed, and he sighed not for the first time, as he observed that his ruffles had not been plaited by his wife's hands, but Tryphosa had done her best with them. He looked at his wig doubtfully to ask himself whether he should go to the barber's that day, or wait till the next, and he wished for the thirtieth time that he had his wife to counsel him upon such points of cos-Then, though he did not with audible words execrate the rebels, he did say aloud that he wished they were a thousand miles away, and so went down-stairs, to go across the street and wake Nahum. who was the hired man and once had the care of cow, of horse, and of pig-sty.

The shortest way was through the garden. As grandfather opened the back door, something stopped it, so that he had to push hard to crowd himself out, and then, as, in the darkness, he turned to close the door, his foot stumbled on the obstacle which lay upon the door-step, and he almost fell.

Such is one of those occasions when careless people swear. But he was not a careless person. On the other hand he was a very fussy person, and whatever form of strong words he used did not belong to the class which are stigmatized as profane. He stooped, however, to find what it was over which he had stumbled, and lifted, without difficulty, a large canvas bag which held a heavy weight, and which he carried back into the kitchen. His tallow candle was still burning there; he opened the bag imme-

diately, and saw, to his amazement, a fore quarter of fresh mutton!

Had it indeed fallen from Heaven?

My grandmother's grandfather forgot that he was going for Nahum; he even forgot that he must not make a noise in the house; he ran to the foot of the back stairs and called Tryphosa. Tryphosa was already dressing herself, and at the unwonted cry she rushed down-stairs. Her amazement was equal to his, and each of them had that direct sense of divine mercy, and that keen remembrance of the anxieties and worries of days and weeks before, which made them regard this mutton as mutton from some celestial flock, which had known no human butchery.

But Tryphosa lifted it scientifically, looked at it in every light, even subjected it to the sense of smell, and pronounced it mutton of the highest quality and just in order. Before my grandfather could even imply that it should be carried to some sacred shrine, and offered with Jewish rites upon some altar, Tryphosa had cut off the piece which she thought most suitable, had put it in the pot which she thought most fit, had dipped water enough for her purpose, and had hung her pot upon the crane above the coals. "We wont wait for Nahum," she said; "I'll have a fire in two minutes, and we will surprise her with mutton broth for breakfast."

That morning nobody called the children. In the excitement of the event which has just now been described Tryphosa and Sukey were too much upset, and indeed too much occupied, to remember that they had forgotten to call them. And in their little dark chamber, with the shutters shut, the children slept on much later than usual, till, indeed, the kitchen breakfast was half finished, when Nahum, lazily devouring his third sausage and his fourth doughnut, asked, "Where be the little ones?"

Tryphosa, who then, for the first time, ran to dress them and bring them down.

This task did not take long. She told them she had a surprise for them; they could see that there was something joyful in the house, which they had not understood, but it was not till they came to breakfast, and each of them had a bowl of the mutton broth put before her, that the mystery was explained.

As for the mutton broth, the children were provokingly indifferent. Their appetites had not given way through the siege. And they were even ungrateful enough to ask each for a sausage, when she had eaten the broth provided for her. But when Tryphosa explained, as she did with a great deal of care, that now their grandmother would get well-that the mutton broth was just what she had been hankering for, though she could not ask for it—the children took up the idea which she herself had not dared to express in words, and squarely said that the mutton came from Heaven.

And such has always been the tradition in the family and though I, in these later times, do not suppose that the bag fell from Heaven in the same sense in which I suppose that a meteorite once fell at Ephesus, I believe, quite as earnestly as the children did, that the good God sent this Christmas present to their grandmother.

When their grandmother that day sat up for a few minutes, she asked that the children might be brought to her. It was the first time that she had asked this for a fortnight. The children were a little awed. They were enjoined not to be noisy, of which there was not the least

"Why, I clean forgot 'em!" said Miss danger, and they went in to see their pale, dear grandmother, in the darkened north chamber. She kissed them both, and said she should soon be down-stairs now, and then said, "Do you know what a nice breakfast I had?"

> And Nanny said, "Yes, grandmother, And little Lucy and we had some, too." said, "And, grandmother, when we said our prayers last night, and came to 'give us this day our daily bread,' I said, give us some mutton, too, because Tryphosa says grandmother wants some."

And when Doctor Jeffries came around, and heard the story, he called the children, and said, "So, children, your grandmother had a Christmas present."

And that was the first time those children ever heard of a Christmas present in all their lives.

Lest I draw too far on the curiosity of young readers, I will say that I have told the story much as it was told to me a hundred times at Thanksgiving feasts and Christmas dinners for forty years. And when we children asked how the mutton came there, the elders said they did not know. But sometimes a wise one said. "Perhaps Parson Eliot knew."

And, after the forty years were over, I happened one day on a letter of Parson Eliot to Mr. Daniel Parker, in which he thanked him for two quarters of mutton which he had sent in by a flag of truce, and in that letter he says he distributed broth from it to thirty or forty sick people. So perhaps it was Parson Eliot who carried the mutton. This I do not know. All I know is that the good God sent it.

idea would not appeal to people, being be made to do so as soon as possible." too far above them. The reply was

It was claimed that such and such an simply: "If it does not, then it should

Woman's Work in Philanthropy.

INDIAN WORK.

BY M. D. COLVOCORESSES.

the Indians of lower Dakota is not perhaps as well known as it deserves to be. and a brief sketch of a recent address delivered by her in Litchfield. Conn., resulting as it did in an immediate and very unanimous effort to organize a local branch of the Connecticut Indian Association, may be read with interest in other places where a like step is contemplated.

The purpose of her visit having been announced from the several pulpits, and in the local paper, a goodly assemblage, representatives of many varying shades of opinion, united in testifying to the general interest felt in the speaker and her subject.

Coming as Miss Goodale did—not so much to plead for her own special branch as for the more general work of the Indian Association-she aimed to impress upon her listeners the vital importance of enlarged government appropriations and the establishment of day-schools on all Indian reservations.

The inadequacy of the schools at Hampton and Carlisle, grand as their success has been, to do all the needed work. must be patent to all. These have proved conclusively what can be done when Indians are brought under proper influences. growing up in slothful ignorance and excellent way?"

Miss Goodale, after two years spent as English or of the methods of civilized life.

MISS ELAINE GOODALE'S Work among a teacher in Hampton, went last December with a friend, whose faith and zeal were no less than her own, to White River Camp in the Lower Brüle Agency, an almost virgin field, and there opened a day-school under government auspices. She found at the start that the appropriations for such work were very inadequate, there being no proper home provided for the teachers and no money available to supply the deficiencies or to establish an industrial branch in connection with the more general work of instruction. Overcoming these obstacles by patient personal efforts and the generous assistance of interested friends, she is now prepared to give as the result of her experience a triumphant refutation to the objections which have from time to time been urged against the day-schools.

She found the Indian children not only willing but anxious for instruction, urging her to open the school even before she was prepared to do so; but it took several months to instill into their minds the necessity of constant and punctual attendance. The Indians have no clock but the sun, no regular meal hours, no experience as yet of the value of punctuality and the necessity for perseverance; these they must learn, if they are going to hold their own against the shrewd aggres-The question now is: How are siveness of their white neighbors in the the thousands of Indian children who are new condition of citizenship which an enlightened public opinion is demanding for blind superstition "to be taught a more them, and these they cannot acquire unaided any more than a knowledge of

friend instructed in sewing, cooking and general housework took great pride in the clothes they had themselves made and in carrying home useful ideas as to the preparation of their simple food.

The boys worked in the carpenter's shop or in the gardens under the direction of an Indian graduate of Hampton, who also acted as lay reader on the reser-

vation.

The parents, though less amenable to outside influences, showed themselves far from indifferent to the improvement wrought in their children, and these latter, instead of being retarded by their home surroundings, often sowed, almost unconsciously to themselves, the seeds of a more decent, orderly and civilized life in soil so uncongenial that no others could or would have hope for success.

The begging propensities of the Indians, against which Miss Goodale had been warned, it was found quite possible to keep in check by a rigid system of denial; they were made to understand from the first that only to the sick, the aged or the very young would food or clothes be given without some compensation, either of work or money.

Pauperized as the Indians have been by the present system of government aid, this in itself furnished a much-needed lesson in self-help.

At the close of Miss Goodale's address aration.

The girls whom Miss Goodale and her a collection was taken up, and the result bore witness to the interest which had been awakened by her remarks. organization of a local branch of the "Connecticut Indian Association" quickly followed, and from almost every family some one of its members has come forward to enroll him or herself in the good work.

> What has been done in Litchfield by a wise word spoken in season can be done elsewhere. Who can estimate the latent power for good in any community? Who say where the fire of a noble purpose once kindled will spread? Hearts all over the land are burning with the desire to aid the helpless, ignorant and oppressed; willing minds and ready hands would undertake and accomplish if they but knew where or how to begin.

> National and undenominational in their scope; broad, practical and philanthropic in their methods, why should not the Indian Associations, as established in the several states and linked in a national confederacy, direct our efforts and utilize our enthusiasm? The first step toward doing is knowing. Let us inform ourselves of what others have done and to each of us will come an impulse, a purpose, to "lend a hand," to uphold and strengthen with our sympathy, our confidence and our efforts those who are doing God's work of enlightenment and rep-

GENERAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

to be held in Washington from the 7th to "The Saloon," "Illiteracy," "Necessity the 9th of December, inclusive. Mr. of Co-operation in Christian Work," and William E. Dodge will preside. Among "Methods of Co-operation." the topics to be considered in the course

THE General Christian Conference is of the meetings will be "Immigration,"

WOMEN'S WORK IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.

work in connection with the care of tenement-houses and collecting rents in London? One hears on all hands that women want work, some as a livelihood, some as a means whereby life may be made worth living. Any one rash enough to advertise for a governess is inundated with replies, though it is well known that a governess's career (for any except he very highly qualified) is growing more and more difficult, and the remuneration is, in most cases, very small. But there are few candidates of any sort for the post of lady rent-collector, whether paid or unpaid, and few indeed with any approach Why is this? Surely the women exist if the want were generally known, and though the work is not always easy, or pleasant, can that be said of any work worth doing? For those whose home is in London it does not involve breaking any family tie. A warm heart and cool head are necessary, but no kind of certificate or diploma. A description of the necessary qualifications, and what is aimed at, may draw attention to the want, and thereby help to supply it.

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Most people who care at all for their poorer neighbors have now at least a vague idea of the plan (usually known as Miss Octavia Hill's) under which houses inhabited by working people are entrusted to the care of ladies, volunteers or paid, who collect the rents, overlook the repairs, and enter into healthy relations of business and friendship with the tenants. The one difference between those who work as volunteers and those who make it a profession is that the latter pledge themselves to be on the spot when the volunteers are absent, and this usually involves taking their month's holiday in late autumn or

Why is it that so few ladies apply for ork in connection with the care of tennent-houses and collecting rents in Lonnent-houses and London is hot. It is a privation to one of a family not to share the family holiday; but it is not an unbearable privation, and it is quite unavoidable. Voluntary work is of necessity more or less fitful. It is usually undertaken by those who cannot make public work their first duty, and as long as there is a general exodus from London in July and August, and a partial exodus at Christmas and Easter, so long must it be supplemented by regular paid help, if the whole thing work is of necessity more or less fitful. It is usually undertaken by those who cannot make public work their first duty, and as long as there is a general exodus from London in July and August, and a partial exodus at Christmas and Easter, so long must it be supplemented by regular paid help, if the whole thing is not to come to a dead-lock.

The paid worker, then, must needs content herself with seeing the autumn tints, or the bursting buds of spring, and leave to the volunteer the pleasures of hay-time and harvest, making up her mind to work in close courts and alleys during the summer heat. In all other respects, the duties of the two are the same.

What are these duties? To go round to every family at some fixed time during the week (early in the day on some properties, late on others, according to the occupation of the tenants) to get the rents, and look into any repairs that may be wanted, either giving the necessary orders herself, with a constant eve to economy, or reporting to the owner, as the case may be; to keep an exact account of every penny received or spent; in some cases to make out estimates with the workmen according to a tariff, for it is often an advantage to both parties for some tenant out of work to be employed in doing easy jobs, though he may possess neither money to buy the whitewash and hire the brush nor scholarship enough to write out his own estimate, and it may be necessary sometimes to pay some money on account. She must speak plainly to those

the other tenants, or whose extravagance has caused their rent to fall into arrear. always remembering that back-rents ought not to exist unless in very exceptional circumstances, and do more harm to the tenant than to the landlord if once they are allowed to get ahead. It is a most mistaken kindness to allow arrears. It is only helping the tenant to tie a millstone round his neck which will in the long run weigh him down. The collector's duty is to discuss the tenant's difficulties with him, going into all the circumstances so as to see how best to help him to overcome them, and get a little beforehand with the world. But when the worst comes to the worst, and a tenant has to be got rid of, she has the painful duty of giving notice, or the still more painful one of sending the broker.

This is the dry frame-work of what has to be done. It follows that any one undertaking it should have regular methodical habits, sufficiently good health not to be dependent on weather, the power of writing a clear business letter, and a good head for accounts, which, though not really complicated, are tiresome in their minuteness. It is humiliating to find how often a woman's desire to take up this work dies a sudden death when she finds that she must keep accounts. Most ladies seem to think it impossible that they should learn to add up figures correctly, though clerks of less education learn to do it, and the results of girls' examinations show that the female mind is not unequal to arithmetic. But let not any one think of beginning this work unless she is determined to conquer the accounts.

So much for physical and mental qualities. Morally, it is necessary to have courage to do an unpopular thing when it has to be done, temper to bear the irritation caused thereby, and tact to soothe it. It is sometimes touching how ready tenants are to be friendly after something unpleasant has occurred. They know

tenants whose drunkenness has annoyed that the strong measures have been made the other tenants, or whose extravagance necessary by their own bad conduct, and has caused their rent to fall into arrear, they bear no malice.

In the ordinary run of houses inhabited by the London poor, much of the work above described is done, ill or well, either by the landlord or by an agent of the social standing of a broker, who receives for his trouble five per cent of the money actually collected. Often he calls very irregularly, and, either from carelessness or mistaken good-nature, allows large arrears; then, taking fright, he sends the broker. I should be sorry to speak hardly of a class, known to me chiefly by hearsay, from comparisons made by tenants who are either pleased, on coming to us, to find that the rent is collected regularly, so that they have not the hard task of keeping that slippery thing, money, safe from one week's end to another, or who are irritated at the "fidgetiness" of our rules, which do not allow them to fall behind. But one of these agents has issued a prospectus in which he announces that he "undertakes to bring up to a good profit rental any dwellings, either newly built or unlet, or that have depreciated, or that are being carried on at a loss." And again "troublesome, dilapidated and disputed properties worked up to a high state of productiveness." This is impartial evidence of what he professes to do, and it is significant taken in connection with the fact that I have day after day and week after week seen a pool extending half-way across the vard (owing to the drain being stopped) in one of the blocks under this man's care. And one thing is clear: since these collectors come from the class among whom they work, their ideas and prejudices are much the same as those of their tenants. We must not look to them to do much towards raising the standard in their dwellings, and they can do nothing to bind classes together. At the best, we cannot expect them to perceive how the bare bones of the work may be made to live by the spirit of one whose heart is in it.

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The essence of a lady's intercourse with for the housing of the poor. her tenants is that it is healthy and natural. She is not "the tract-lady" nor "the lady with tickets"; she is simply the landlady, and, as such, sees her tenants as they are, not parading religious phrases, nor scheming to get relief. She may have to see the rough side of them sometimes. but that is better than living in a fool's paradise, and far better than offering temptations to hypocrisy. "It's a dreadful wicked place, and I'm glad to go," said an angry woman who had received notice on account of some bad conduct. "When I lived in B., a city missionary used to come and read with me, and pray with me, and leave me a ticket for groceries, but no one has been nigh this place with such a thing." Such proceedings as those of this missionary tend to associate prayer with grocery rather than with self-restraint and love to one's neighbor. In the management of houses, much work or little may be done beyond the business routine, but, at all events, it rests on a healthy foundation.

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And what may not grow out of it? Those interested in sanitary matters will at once see the opening afforded them. They have not merely the opportunity of supplying the much-needed "stitch in time" to the drains of the establishment. but of giving the far more needed teaching—how to use sanitary appliances so as to keep them in proper condition. A suggestion appeared in one of the daily papers, during the excitement caused by the publication of the "Bitter Cry," to this effect: that, since whole families have to live in single rooms, a block should be built adapted for their use, each room to contain a tap and sink! Such an idea can only cause a shudder to those who have experienced the difficulty of preventing a sink (even on a public landing) from becoming a source of pollution from the way in which it is misused. It is only theorists who fancy that to provide good

There never was a greater mistake. Tenants have to learn how to use them and take care of Often the appliance which (given them. proper usage) is best in itself is far from being the best in relation to the careless habits of those who use it. Flat roofs, for instance, are very convenient as drying grounds, but when the boys take possession of them for playgrounds, and amuse themselves with throwing cinders from their vantage ground on the heads of passers-by, or with putting snow-balls down the chimneys, it will be seen that, in a land where each boy was allowed to do right in his own eyes, flat roofs would not be an unmixed benefit. They were not considered so by the women into whose rooms the mixture of soot and half-melted snow came pouring, putting out the fire with a fizz, and filling the place with steam and smell! Again, a large cistern is, no doubt, better than a water-butt; but, if the boys use it for a bath on Saturday nights, it is necessary to fasten the cover with heavy bars and padlocks, unless, indeed, it is possible to procure the drinking water direct from the main, and dispense altogether with cisterns. Often parents seem hardly to take in that it is their duty to control the mischievous propensities of their boys. One father thought it most unreasonable that he should be expected to pay a share of the damage when his son, together with some kindred spirits, wrenched up a grating and tried to force large pieces of paving stone into the trap of a main drain, and this in hot August weather! "It was only what might be expected of a boy of ten."

built adapted for their use, each room to contain a tap and sink! Such an idea as this, can any remedy be found so effected und as patient personal explanation by one have experienced the difficulty of preventing a sink (even on a public landing) from becoming a source of pollution from the way in which it is misused. It is only theorists who fancy that to provide good houses at cheap rents is all that is needed to those who indicate the difficulty of preventing as this, can any remedy be found so effected und as patient personal explanation by one woman to another? for it is the wives who have the chief control of these matters. And, if infectious illness breaks out, the collector will be listened to as few others would be, whether she undertakes "sanihouses at cheap rents is all that is needed to those who in a state of things as this, can any remedy be found so effected und as patient personal explanation by one woman to another? for it is the wives who have the chief control of these matters.

infectants and insisting on the utmost isolation possible, or whether she gets the patient removed to a hospital. She is in a position to use the very strongest persuasion. And how much better to remove a patient by persuasion than to call sanitary law into operation, for every time that this is done increases the danger lest the next case of infectious illness should be concealed.

For temperance work there is an unlimited field here. One sees behind the scenes, and has opportunities, when the effects of overindulgence are making themselves felt, of pointing a moral which is not always recognized without a few words to enforce it, however obvious it may seem to on-lookers. The tenants have a wholesome consciousness that, though illness or long scarcity of work may cause a relaxation of the rule against arrears, the forbearance will be forfeited if the collector hears of a drunken outbreak.

To describe all the branches of work which may grow out of the care of house property would be endless. Winter teaparties and summer excursions for the tenants might well fill an article by themselves. The School Board have taken educational work to a great extent out of private hands (though their officers are glad of help in persuading the children to regularity), but recreation classes may be provided (for singing, kindergarten, needle-work, or any "home arts") to keep the children out of the streets in the evenings or on Saturdays. If the block is happy enough to possess a playground, the children will need to be taught some games to keep them from teasing one another, or breaking windows with their "cats" or balls, for a playground is among the good things which may easily be abused. Of course no one collector can do all these things herself, but who so well suited as she, knowing as she does the children and their homes, to fit the right worker to the right place, if only she can get helpers to offer themselves?

Suppose her to have no special proclivities, sanitary, temperance, or educational, a woman with a warm heart, tact, firmness, and sympathy will still find plenty to do. She aims at having no arrears, and, in order to get as near to that ideal as possible, she tries to find work for every member of the family who is fit for it, and to persuade them to save at such times as saving is possible. To say nothing of the serious family quarrels where a word in season may sometimes be spoken, much time and patience are needed to make peace in such disputes as arise from the common use of a playground or a wash-house. Such a trifle as one woman moving her neighbor's tub six inches is quite enough to start a quarrel, which can only be appeased by arrangements being made for one of the disputants to change her washing-day, so that both shall not be in the wash-house together. It is on trifles such as this that success depends, but they would be intolerably wearisome to any one whose heart was not in the The isolation of the London poor is remarked on in a well-known book on a district visitor's experience. It is said that the inhabitants of the same house are generally strangers to one another. This may be very true of the generality, but it is not true of houses managed as here described. In these there is a neighborly feeling, an esprit de corps, and a public opinion of their own, as in a little village; and (as there is no light without its attendant shadow) the corresponding evil is the danger of quarrels in the very intercourse in which this neighborliness takes its rise.

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Of religious work in this connection, perhaps the less said the better. May the relation between landlord and tenant never be made the vehicle for mere sectarian proselyting! But can we find the courage, the energy, the sympathy with others' joys and sorrows, the patience under irritation, the hopefulness in spite of failure—can we find all these apart from

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Enough has been said to show what a wide field lies here for the exercise of any woman's best powers. Indeed, it might well be objected, "Who is sufficient for these things? To do all this perfectly one had need be a perfect woman, possessing perfect health." True enough; and to try and describe one's ideal makes one painfully conscious of the chasm which separates it from the actual. But

He that aims a star Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

It is good to keep one's eye fixed on what one desires to do. Florence Nightingale somewhere says : "Trust in God, and keep your standard high. Better one regiment advancing than an army in retreat." The ideal nurse's life is quite as exacting as to mental and moral qualifications, and more trying to the health. Rents must be collected with absolute regularity in all weathers, and there is a good deal of going up and down stairs; but the bodily fatigue is not to be compared with that of a nurse or a shopwoman, standing for twelve or fourteen hours. Why is it that a conventional rise of position, and a totally imaginary independence, should make girls of the servant class eager to undergo the slavery of a shop-assistant's life, while a real independence and a greater variety of occupation fail to tempt ladies away from the governess's life into the ranks of rent collectors? It must be conceded, however, that there is a very real strain, though not of the muscles. What is really trying is having to enter in quick succession into the interests and trials of one family after another, keeping the attention awake all the time to business details, lest errors should creep into the rent-book or the change. It is a strain on the sympathies, using the word in its best sense, not that which agrees with the last speaker, and encourages a complaining woman to make the most of her grievances, but sympathy

the religious spirit? Surely not; and with the better part which lies dormant where that spirit is it will make itself felt in the lowest, and which only sympathy can rouse into active life. A beginner would do well not to undertake too much at first.

Unfortunately, it is not often possible for a woman who undertakes paid work of any kind to choose the amount of it. A lady who wishes to maintain herself as a lady, by rent-collecting only, must needs give her whole time to it, even after a certain amount of experience has caused her services to reach their full value. If she has a home of her own, so as to be independent of lodgings, or an independent income, however small, she may make the difference between comfort and discomfort by following this calling, with no greater exertion than a teacher has to make, with less interference with family ties, and without the necessity for an elaborate education. Or she may give part of her time to some sedentary occupation, either literary or artistic. But to gain an entire maintenance is hard work.

The fact is, it is only the bare scaffolding which is paid for, and this at the agent's rate of five per cent on the rental collected. All that clothes the scaffolding, and gives the work its real value, is taken no account of in the scale of payment. True, no payment can secure the "enthusiasm of humanity" which I have tried to describe. To imagine such work done for the sake of money is to imagine a contradiction in terms. There is no equivalent in money for qualities of the heart, and personal influence is priceless -that mysterious worker of wonders, which it is so hard to define or explain. If the work is undertaken as a mere matter of money-getting, it will end in disappointment to all concerned; but the time spent over it might be paid for if the money were forthcoming-the extra time I mean, beyond what is needed for the business routine. Unfortunately, in most properties the money is not forthcoming.

The dwellings pay their way and a fair

interest, but it is by dint of a large pro- not done the whole of their duty to their portion of the labor spent on them being gratuitous, a considerable proportion even of that labor which does not profess to be gratuitous.

Whether this is a wholly satisfactory state of things is quite another matter, and one which the owners of this kind of property would do well to consider. It was an untold gain when it was proved that properly managed houses were a safe investment, and would pay their three, four or five per cent; but the public forgets, or does not know, to what an extent unpaid labor has been used in achieving this result. We occasionally meet with the idea that, by merely investing money in houses, five per cent may be gained, and philanthropic work done into the bargain. Those who first put money into one of these undertakings ran considerable risk of losing the interest, if not the principal, and it was a really philanthropic deed; it is a different matter for those who enter into it now. If they cannot themselves undertake any of the practical management, does it not behoove them to consider whether they ought not to be content with a slightly smaller rate of interest, and give such payment for the time spent on the work as would enable women to undertake it who now, perforce, choose something better paid as well as easier, such as secretary's work? Formerly, the need was to get capital for the provision of good houses. Now, to a considerable extent, this is being done as a mere matter of business, and we may be thankful that it is so. But is there not now a danger lest the quality of the work should suffer unless more labor of the right sort can be attracted into it? Not that offering money will necessarily attract the right sort of labor, but if shareholders realized that they have zation Review.

tenants when they have invested their money and received their dividends, if they felt that where they cannot give personal service they ought to provide a substitute, they might enable women to give themselves to it who now simply cannot afford to do so.

Something must be said of the kind of help which may be given by those who cannot, or will not, make this sort of thing their chief business. Classes, playground work, parties, and excursions have been mentioned. Some of these are better done by young girls than by any one else, and how many girls are fretting for an opportunity of work! District visiting is not suitable for them; there are sometimes special difficulties about Sunday-school teaching; and to help in a mothers' meeting exposes them to the risk of infection. This last danger is reduced to a minimum in the classes and playgrounds of our buildings. In well-built houses, where the drains are properly looked to, infectious illness is more rare than is commonly supposed, though the children do sit beside others at school who come from very different houses. When scarlet fever or measles do appear, they are almost sure to come speedily to the knowledge of the authorities, who take precautions accordingly, and send immediate information to the volundeers. Thus this branch of the work is especially suited to members of large families.

In short, whether much time or little can be given, such a variety of work clusters round the care of houses that the most varied talents may find scope, and the laborers in thisfi eld are so few that any willing and painstaking helper may be sure of a hearty welcome. - Charity Organi11

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Ten Times One.

" Look up and not down :-Look forward and not back :-Look out and not in And Lend a Hand.'

THE fact is so well known that it seems almost unnecessary to state it; that light, warmth and cheerful surroundings are what attract young people. It is one of those facts which must be reiterated until people are alive to it. We must not only accept it, but act as if we realized the full value of such adjutants in our reforms.

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The saloon proprietors see it. spare no pains to make their places attract-There is no economy of light or There are no solemn faces. warmth. Jokes and merriment are on every side and lure the boy to his moral death. gambling houses, the questionable places of resort of all kinds, follow the same general plan. Well they know that, with these helpers, drunkenness and vice are made alluring, and they will not lack

Here and there, blocks apart, in spasmodic interest, we open a club-room or a reading-room. We do light it and we do warm it. We also put it in a locality where saloons abound. But we put it in an upper room where no groping. wandering child will see it. only as by accident he stumbles into it, and thankful we are if a score of saloons do not meet him first. There is no reason why they should not. They are stationed on every Their doors and windows stand invitingly open. The laugh and merriment suggest a rest from all present weariness or loneliness.

From the suburbs of one of our large cities, a friend writes: "We have opened a reading-room. We should be glad to receive help from the Wadsworth ing evil in every way we could. We

The class which attends this read-Clubs. ing-room is the lowest of this place. Some idea of the need of it may be had from the fact that, in the distance of about a quarter of a mile, there are more than fifty rum-shops with no institution of any kind for the young men to spend their evenings in."

Is this as it should be? Fifty to one is fearful odds. Is it any wonder that our young men, homeless, or even worse than homeless, with little or no religious or moral training, turn to the bright attractions of the saloon and swell the vast army of drunkards, of gamblers, of evil-doers?

Shall we sit quietly by and give over to them the battle with only a feeble resistance of one against fifty? Shall we not go forth armed and equipped for the struggle, not with a lazy, complacent faith, leaving it all to God, but taking up arms to work with God and accomplish his pur-

Fifty to one! Honor be to that one, but where are the forty and nine other ones that should be on the battle ground? Every home that throws wide its hospitable doors and with lifted shades welcomes the strangers, every Wadsworth Club that shows through the open window a merry, happy group of boys, every reading-room that gives a glimpse of cheerfulness and happiness within, every gymnasium that tempts a boy to try his strength, balances the rum-shop on the corner, if only the same interest is taken to make it equally as attractive and as well known.

We have hammered against this cry-

from the gutter. We have had temperance crusades. We have had the noble work of that most noble institution, the to others? Women's Christian Temperance Union. effect? And is it not now time for us to try the counteracting influence in force not in the old weakly manner, but with strength? If we could only be aroused to the necessity of giving the experiment a fair trial! It means money from our pockets, time from our business, absence from our homes and sacrifices of many kinds.

destroying. The reading-room, the club, the Christian home, is money-spending and soul-saving. There is no profit in a monev point of view to the promoter of the opposition. It is all outlay. "But what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" And do we not lose our own souls-for

have had lectures from people dragged what are our souls but the spark of divine life-if we close them up narrower and tighter by shutting out the good we can do

Try twenty-five cheerful, well-regulat-We have tried legislation and with what ed, hospitable, open-doored and windowed club-rooms, with gymnasiums, with reading-rooms, with music-rooms, a full-fledged band if you like, with games and with the surroundings which are the attractions of the saloons. Rum is not the attraction there. Many a young fellow or older man would gladly not see the fatal cup, but other allurements beckon him in.

One club fails. It is lost. Two are The saloon is money-getting and soul- but "drops in the bucket." Let us start with large ideas. Let us remember with what King we work and that he means that we shall do our share and not shirk. Shall we try one club or reading-room or gymnasium against two saloons? I believe we should succeed and future generations would rise up and call us blessed.

FORSYTH STREET CLUBS.

a desirable place of residence. And yet in Forsyth street, in one of the tenementhouses, Dr. Coit, a young man not yet thirty years of age, a college graduate and a Berlin student, has chosen to make his home. He means to live with the people whom he would help. Direct personal influence is what he believes in.

In an extremely sensible, but rather unexpected way, Dr. Coit began his work. He hired a man to keep the streets clean for three blocks.

The entire basement floor of the house where Dr. Coit has his rooms is fitted up plainly, but attractively, for the "Neighborhood Guild."

What is commonly known as the "East to young people and consists of three Side" of New York is very far from being clubs. The first is of about forty boys, from fourteen to eighteen years old, who work chiefly in factories. The girls' club represents about the same number and age. The third club is of little boys under fourteen. The whole membership is about one hundred.

> These clubs are under their own management. The boys call theirs "The Lily." The girls' clubs rejoices in the name of the "Lady Belvedere." The little boys have not yet risen to the dignity of a name.

Five evenings in the week the club-rooms are open. On Monday night the boys' club meets. There is an hour for amusement. For this there are swinging bars, This organization is confined entirely Indian clubs, dumb-bells, rowing apparais no restraint, no sort of morose police force, and the boys are masters of the situation.

At nine o'clock some of the teachers of the Industrial Association have been giving lessons during the summer in clay modeling and wood carving. The rooms are open until eleven.

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On Tuesday evening the "Lady Belvedere" occupies the room. There is a piano, and the girls amuse themselves in feminine fashion, and then they have lessons in embroidery and wood carving. On Wednesday night the little boys' club takes possession in the same manner.

Thursday night is the gala night. Then all the clubs meet and there is dancing, varied now and then by some other entertainment. Miss Conway, the daughter of the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, is usually the pianist on such occasions. The clubs feel no restraint, arrange their own programmes and are by no means disconcerted by visitors.

On Friday night there are gymnastics. aid in some similar enterprise.

tus, games of all sorts. Apparently there This closes the night meetings. On Saturday afternoon some of the boys perhaps visit the Metropolitan Museum, and every other week the class go picnicing to Staten Island or the Park, carrying tennis and croquet sets.

> Dr. Coit believes in amusing the people and making them assist each other. Whatever a man can do, he does for the good of them all. If a man has a banjo he brings his banjo and does his part in entertaining the others.

> "Education and classes are incidental. Nothing is done by admonition. He does not say, 'Boys, you must not drink. ought not to use tobacco.' The boys have a debating society and they discuss the use of tobacco and the abuses of liquor. Education, intellectual as well as moral, can be affected in the same way."

> Mr. Storer, also a Berlin student, who is associated with Dr. Coit, states that the students of Amherst College are interested to give vacation aid and the professors of Wellesley have expressed a desire to

PROTECT THE BIRDS.

Hand clubs, scattered over all parts of the world, are trying to make life a bit pleasanter and more worth the living, so that nothing can ever be really too small or insignificant for our sympathy and aid. Many of us find our greatest happiness in studying nature, and to many a "Shutin," lying upon a couch of pain, the robin's cheery voice, the sweet notes of the little brown wren, bring grateful, happy thoughts.

Many a burden has been lifted from our hearts when one of God's winged messengers has poured forth its glad melody from some neighboring tree, and children thoughtlessly encourage their demany a helpful, uplifting inspiration has struction.

THE members of the various Lend a come with the sweep of a bird's wing across the sky.

Can it be possible that any member of a "Look-up Legion," "Ten Times One Is Ten Club," or other Lend a Hand club. would encourage the wholesale slaughter of innocent, helpless creatures by wearing their dead bodies or plumage as articles of decoration? It would be a beautiful thing if all the world over, from China and Turkey to Boston, the "Wadsworthites" would unite in protecting the happy birds, whose melody gladdens our hearts and speaks to us of him who thinks it worth while to create them-though many of his S. H. G.

SUGGESTIONS BY A CLUB.

At the end of our fourth year, it seems well to study our position as a club, and to see if we are carrying out the right intentions, or if we could do better. make the following suggestions. in response to a request that such a circular letter should be written:

First, that all the clubs who have taken the "Four Mottoes," (which mean "Faith, Hope and Love,") and especially the preamble:

"We aim to be truthful, unselfish, hopeful, and helpful: to use our influence always for the right, and never to fear to show our colors. We take for our mottoes, 'Look up and not down,' Look forward and not back,' 'Look out and not in.' and 'Lend a Hand,' and pledge ourselves to try and make this a useful and successful club."

-should make it as much their business to expect each member to act out these promises in their private lives, as to expect the club as a whole to be "unselfish and helpful."

Has not this club, through a mistake in understanding its own requirements, failed to carry out its real object? This may be no one's fault, but we think that it should be rightly understood at once: and we suggest that now, at the beginning of another year, each member should deamble, wherever they are, whether at make the fifth year the best we have had.

home, in school, in business, or on the street, and to show that membership implies a change which can be seen by our friends, as well as in our inward lives. We should find ways to "Lend a Hand" in little ways, "In His Name," very often during the day.

So it seems that whether meetings are held or not this winter, the real idea of the club can be carried out, and we can be helpful.

The reason a club is necessary often is because it is easier for a few people to be helpful together than alone. And, although the social part is important, this is more so.

We suggest, also, that more would be done, if each member feels responsible for the welfare of the whole; and that each one should bring suggestions to the meetings, make motions, accept any position on committees, or in office, and try to get new honorary members, and thus help the committee to make the meetings interesting; and that, if the real wish is to make progress, good order will be kept. We know that all do wish to help, and that any lack of interest comes from a misunderstanding of the object, and not from a lack of desire to be helpful.

Let us use this "talent" which God has given us for the best purpose, and termine to carry out the mottoes and pre- come to the Annual Meeting resolved to

MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

In the September number of LEND A HAND we gave a short account of this society among children which takes for its motto, "No day without a deed to crown it." Twenty-six states and territories have now more or less branches of the League and some societies have been formed in the Sandwich Islands, Africa and in the and made gifts in money amounting to British provinces.

We are glad to note the fact of the union with the League of the Children's Twenty Minute Society. This society has 923 members. Its work is the preparation of Christmas and Easter Boxes for Mission stations, and it sent out last year thirty-two boxes valued at \$940.40 \$81.21.

(738)

TO THE CLUBS.

It is very desirable that the list of clubs based on the Wadsworth mottoes should be made as complete as possible. The editor of this department would be glad to be in correspondence with every club. The work would be more united and more munication could be brought about. We nue. Dorchester, Mass.

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are very sure that there are many clubs whose names are not on the list. Publicity is not one of the weaknesses of a true Wadsworth Club. Will all such clubs, which are in any doubt with regard to enrollment, please send their addresses to extended also, if this more intimate com- Mrs. Bernard Whitman. Lawrence ave-

THE KING'S TEMPERANCE ARMY.

"TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN."

"UNDER WHICH KING? "-KING ALCOHOL OR KING MANHOOD?

"No man is sure he is temperate himself until he tries to make other people so."

NETHERWOOD, N. J. My dear Sir:

Herewith find circular of the "King's Temperance Army," a temperance organization that has no constitution, no bylaws, no officers, simply an army of men (King's Sons), who will not drink intoxicating liquors themselves, and each member is expected to get ten others.

It costs nothing to join this Army, unless you wish ten badges, which I will furnish at cost to me-viz., fifty cents each.

If you are not in sympathy with this movement, may I ask you to hand this to some friend who is.

My object is to help my fellow-men, especially my fellow commercial traveller. When I tell you that I have been for thirty odd years a commercial traveller. and that I know the road, you will fully understand.

One C. T. has interpreted the badge to mean "Kan't take anything," and that is just what it does mean.

You may not need the Army, or the badge, for yourself, but who can tell the good you may do by your example? I make no argument here. None is need-

The "King's Temperance Army" should have its Ten and its Ten Times Ten clubs in every place in the land. Will you help further the cause of temperance, and get an Army of Ten, each of whom shall use his best endeavor to get an Army of Ten? In my journeyings, I may soon come to your place. Should you and your friends desire, I will freely and gladly give you an address on temperance, "Under Which King." I prefer to speak for the benefit of T. P. A. Posts of Commercial Travellers, or for the W. C. T. U.

Kindly advise me. and I will confer further with you.

Believe me sincerely yours,

S. A. HAINES.

REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

Our club was organized in June, 1887, but as most of the members were away from home during the summer it has only just gotten into running order.

It consists of eleven boys from eleven or twelve years of age to fifteen, with a lady as president. The name is the Look-out club, and the general object is to look about to see what good work is done by others and what we may do ourselves. This winter we are going to take up the subject of foreign missions, hoping to go on to other branches and to other philanthropies, until we know something of every kind of enterprise undertaken " In His Name."

The special nature of the society is to promote a high tone of honor among boys. We have not yet been able to find any especial form of practical benevolence, and should be pleased to receive suggestions in the matter or learn what other boys do.

The boys are busy with their lessons and their play, so have not a great deal of time besides that to devote to the meetings. They are very faithful in their attendance, and in preparing themselves on the questions proposed, and seem interested in the subjects. We have read portions of "Ten Times One" and the boys are now devouring "In His Name" with great delight.

The exercises are very simple, lasting from half-past seven to nine o'clock every other Friday evening. After the roll-call and the minutes, we read a few texts selected from the Bible, concerning various ways of "looking out." After that we have a very short talk and say together as a prayer some verse from the Psalms. Then we study about the country that we scripture reading while making such have chosen for our subject; the boys give calls.

their answers and we talk about the place. Then the its history and its missions. collection is taken and any business receives attention. The last half-hour is devoted to games and light refreshments.

If we have no special call for our monev, we shall give it to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. We should prefer, however, a designated object, as the boys would be more interested. Perhaps in our course of investigation one may

There is much inspiration and cheer in the thought of working with so many others. Though we are small we want to unite our club with the central organization.

I am anxious to have the boys become convinced of the duty, the beauty and the blessedness of service, and to become proficient in the art of recognizing the needs of others and of ministering to them.

BATH, MAINE.

Since our last report, our club has been divided into two branches, one branch including all members under twelve years of age, and the other including all between the age of twelve and twenty.

We have helped several poor families during the year, and clothed one very destitute child for Sunday-school. Our little members were greatly surprised to find out that she had never prayed, and taught her at once their own "Now I lay me," which she readily learned and in turn taught to her little brother.

We now have a flower mission which supplies the poor and sick with flowers, papers and dainties to tempt the appetite, and we do not forget singing, praying and For several weeks previous to Christmas the children met, and made fancy articles for a fair, which brought thirty dollars into our treasury, twenty of which was expended for books for our church Sunday-school library. Although the fair was much enjoyed by the children, it took their minds so completely from their religious meetings, which up to this time had been very interesting, that we now are much weaker in Christian life, and consequently in other ways than we were at our last report.

The older members hold their prayer meetings Sunday evening, before the regular church prayer meeting. The younger members hold theirs Wednesday afternoons. As some of our little girls are then obliged to take care of baby brother or sister, rather than have them lose the meetings, we tell them to bring the babies with them. It is truly a pleasing sight to see two or three motherly little girls speaking for Jesus, with the little ones in their laps, or kneeling in prayer with their arms about them and dedicating them to God.

We have occasional sociables held at the children's homes in the afternoon exclusively. Singing, recitations, appropriate games, pictures, refreshments, etc., all contribute to the pleasure of the little The Beacon Light, our club paper, is read at the sociables. The children show much interest in contributing stories and short essays to this little paper, and in reporting the bright sayings of the younger members of their homes. We now use the L. L. pledges. We think of starting a library this winter to furnish our members with suitable literature to draw their attention from books of a questionable character which we find some are tempted to read.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE Chicago Athenaum dates its organization from what may well be called gives general satisfaction.

the rise of the New Chicago, in October, 1871. Then the population of this city was about 339,000; to-day it is fully 750,000. The fairest portion of the city lay in ashes, and it was this great calamity that prompted a few earnest spirits to plant, amidst the ruins, an institution which should help to build up true manhood as the best criterion of progress.

There was a happy significance in the motto, which the founders of this institution adopted from Edward Everett Hale:

" Look up, and not down; Look forward, and not back; Look out, and not in; And lend a hand."

In this spirit, and with faith in the great opportunities presented for useful service, the "Chicago Young Men's Christian Union," now called the "Chicago Athenæum," was organized. Looking beyond the darkness and desolation of the great fire, its founders sank all self-interests in the desire to promote the public good. To relieve the wide-spread distress of houseless families, to assist those who had lost their all, and to infuse the hearts of the despondent with fresh hope and courage, was a large part of the work of '71 and '72.

In addition to its ministrations of benevolence, the founders of this institution gave their thought to providing a homelike place for young men, wherein encouragement might be given them in the work of mental and moral culture. Evening classes were soon formed for instruction, and, subsequently, courses of lectures were given on Art and Social Science.

During the first year or two instruction in the various branches was free, an annual membership of one dollar being the only expense. But experience led to the conclusion that it was better for pupils to pay something for benefits received. The plan was then adopted of charging a moderate tuition, which plan still obtains and gives general satisfaction.

From the date of its organization the Athenæum has been entirely unsectarian in its spirit and aims. Men and women, without regard to denomination, who are in sympathy with this work, are always invited to co-operate.

There may be found at the Athenaum both day and evening classes of almost anything which a young man or woman may wish to learn. In the business and short-hand department alone 100 pupils

took advantage of the classes.

A special summer course of six weeks has drawn in the pupils of the public schools. This plan—adopted a year ago—has met with cordial favor among parents who desire their boys and girls to make up their school grade work for the autumn, or who prefer that their children should not spend the entire vacation roaming the streets.

WASHINGTON, CONN.

Being anxious to engage the children of our little village in systematic, hopeful work for others, we invited the girls to meet on Wednesday, July 8th, to discuss some plan of organization. Twenty-five were present. A short account was given of the book, "Ten Times One," to inspire the children with a desire to fill their daily lives with loving service done "In His Name."

The result was the formation of a Lend a Hand club, without constitution or officers, simply adopting the four mottoes:

- Look up and not down;
 Look forward and not back;
- 3. Look out and not in;
- 4. Lend a hand.

We voted to hold weekly meetings for work and monthly meetings to transact business, report progress, and gain fresh impulse, in hearing through your magazine from others in the field before us. At our first weekly meeting we were so fortunate as to have the presence of Miss Russell, of New York, who suggested so many varieties of work that we at once decided to invite the boys to join us. With them and many children here only for the summer, but who were eager to have a share in the work, we have numbered as many as forty-eight.

The girls have been making garments for the destitute connected with the Children's Aid Society schools in New York, and aprons for Indian girls at Hampton; while the boys have mounted a large number of cards with pictures, and mottoes on colored backgrounds to make bright the walls of some of the institutions to which the Fruit and Flower Charity ministers.

Twenty-eight quarts of wild grape jelly have been made and sent to the same charity for distribution among diphtheria patients; this was also in response to a suggestion of Miss Russell.

A patchwork quilt has been made by the little girls to give to some needy family. Three of the boys collected \$75.00 for the Fresh Air Fund.

Each member sets aside from his or her private purse a certain amount to be given monthly, and we have collected in this way \$16.00, besides a small fund from the absence fine of one cent.

We have read aloud Rev. Mr. Hale's book," In His Name."

At the close of the season, after the loss of nearly all the summer workers, the zeal which brought thirty-one members, on a rainy day, to the last monthly meeting is a happy promise that the interest will not abate through the winter when cold and storms must make it difficult for those to attend who have to come one or more miles. We hope never to disband while there are any, anywhere, who need our help.

Intelligence.

ST. ANDREW'S COTTAGE, 1887.

tage, in the summer of 1883, we have sought to make it something more than simply a summer home, and it has been our aim to inculcate habits of industry For the last two seasons we have tried to work the farm and in a small way realize our original intention, that of a Trade School for Boys. This we found to be impracticable with our present plant. The difficulty is the lack of suitable buildings to accommodate the boys the year round. The present Cottage is so constructed that it is only habitable during the warm weather. To make the place effective, as a "Trade School," there must be a well-built Cottage, quite detached from the one used in the summer where boys are taken in only for a week or two at a time. We must make a home for the boys, and they must see that the support of the family depends largely upon them. While not abandoning the idea of sometime making St. Andrew's a Trade School, we purpose, the approaching hot season, to make it simply a summer house. Only those who have lived among the poor can realize what true charity it is to maintain a place of this kind. It not only affords children an opportunity of breathing fresh air, but it relieves mothers of much anxiety and care during the long vacation in the public schools, and is a means of helping poor people in a pecuniary way without pauperizing them. Last year two little delicate, pale-faced boys, living with their father and mother and sister in two rooms on the top floor of a miserable, rear tenement-house, were

From the opening of St. Andrew's Cotge, in the summer of 1883, we have
guight to make it something more than
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we tried to work the farm and in a small
ity realize our original intention, that of
the agent to have the pipe repaired, the
mother was urged, for the sake of the children, to find better rooms. She said, with
much eagerness, "I am waiting, Brother,
for the summer, and then, if the boys are
taken to St. Andrew's Cottage, I shall be
able to save money enough to move."

The cultivated ground around the Cottage has already been planted with oats, so that we shall do little or nothing in the way of giving work to the boys on the farm, but they will not be idle. The whole of the housework, excepting the laundry, was done last year without servants. The boys worked cheerfully and well in the house, under the direction of the Brother-in-charge. This may seem a very unnecessary industry to teach boys, but we can assure our friends it is not so. Here, on the East Side, much of the housework is done by boys, especially when there are no girls in the family.

One of our brightest boys, "Joe L—," aged fifteen, was visited a few days ago, and found making "bean soup." He said that out of school hours he did all the cooking, while his father and mother were out for the day at work. He had the assistance of his sister, ten years old, in washing the dishes and scrubbing the floors,

of a miserable, rear tenement-house, were Last year some of the boys were allow-taken to St. Andrew's and kept nearly the ed to wash their own jackets. They work-

ed so well that this year we propose do- were kept some time, returning to town ing all the laundry work, with the aid of greatly benefited by their stay with us.

a washing machine and the boys.

3d. Our first visitors were the members of St. Andrew's Guild, who came down to spend the Fourth of July. During the summer we entertained 72 men and 111 different boys. Five thousand six hundred and seven meals were provided. For the most part the men were hard-working Germans who, by making great efforts, were able to get away from their shops and spend part of Saturday and Sunday at the Cottage. It was marvelous how much pleasure they got out of their brief stay. Two of the men were invalids and

The Chapel which, through the kind-The Cottage opened for 1886 on July ness of friends, we were able to fit up in the Cottage last year was most helpful in many ways. St. Andrew's Guild, and the Guild of the Iron Cross, to which most of the men spoken of belonged, made a corporate Communion in the Chapel at an early hour on the Sunday of their visit before going forth to wander through the fields and woods.

> Your brothers in Christ, JAMES O. S. HUNTINGTON, Supt. O. H. C., BROTHER GILBERT.

BOSTON TEMPORARY RELIEF BUREAU.

formed a society with the above name. This society, while it seems to touch the work of many others, in reality fills a vacant space and will be warmly welcomed by them.

It does not propose to aid paupers, but to give a helping hand to worthy poor, seek help. With a complete knowledge of the many homes and institutions which suited to their needs, and, while the nec- of just this friendly assistance.

In October, 1887, a few ladies met and essary formalities are gone through with, to furnish them with shelter and help.

> Cases are constantly occurring where a few hours shelter or a few dollars loaned, or a patient interest and sympathy in a broken or unfortunate home, may help a person over the most trying period of life.

The Bureau proposes to give this relief who by some misfortune are obliged to at present only to women, young girls and infants. It will indeed be a good work, if its kind offices can stretch forth a hand abound in a great city, the Bureau will to save the young girls who, coming to be able to direct people to the place most the city, fall into evil hands, for the lack

BALDWINSVILLE HOSPITAL COTTAGES.

the article on this subject published in the Mr. John D. Edgell, of Gardner, Mass., October Lend a Hand was written, Dr. has been elected treasurer, in place of Everett Flood, of Providence, has be- Mr. Lewis Bradford, deceased.

WE are requested to state that, since come the medical superintendent, and that

THE fourteenth annual convention of the Union was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, October 18th, 19th and 20th. The attendance was large and numbered many distinguished persons interested in the temperance movement from all parts of the country. The secretary, Mrs. Helen G. Rice, reported that the membership had doubled during the past year. There are now 253 Unions in Massachusetts, nearly all of which were represented at the convention.

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A peculiar feeling of sympathy and love, such as is rarely seen among men, characterized this noble army of women. So intense and forgetful of all surroundings was this feeling at times, that it gave place to the most dramatic scenes, which did not fail to touch the hearts of the audience.

Reports of the Union were read by the officers the first day, showing the rapid extension of the work, and the increasing interest and vigor with which it is prosecuted.

The Pundita Ramabai told in her simple, unaffected way the story of the Hindoo widows, creating a decided interest in her proposed work, and her statements were followed by remarks by

both Rev. Joseph Cook and Miss Willard, who urged the Unions to come forward and with energetic hands aid Ramabai in establishing the school for them in India.

The morning of the second day was devoted to business and the election of With unanimity Miss Tobey was re-elected president. Addresses of great interest and reports of the many branches of work occupied the day and the sessions of the day following, when the convention closed.

Miss Clothier's report of Young Women's Work and the address of Mrs. Hunt, the national superintendent of the department of temperance education, are worthy of special notice. Mrs. Livermore was present at many of the meetings, and her change from the support of the Republican party to that of the Prohibition party created the great excitement of the convention. Mrs. Livermore is wise enough to have good reasons for her change, but it was an unexpected turn in affairs.

Delegates were elected to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention to be held in November at Nashville, Tenn.

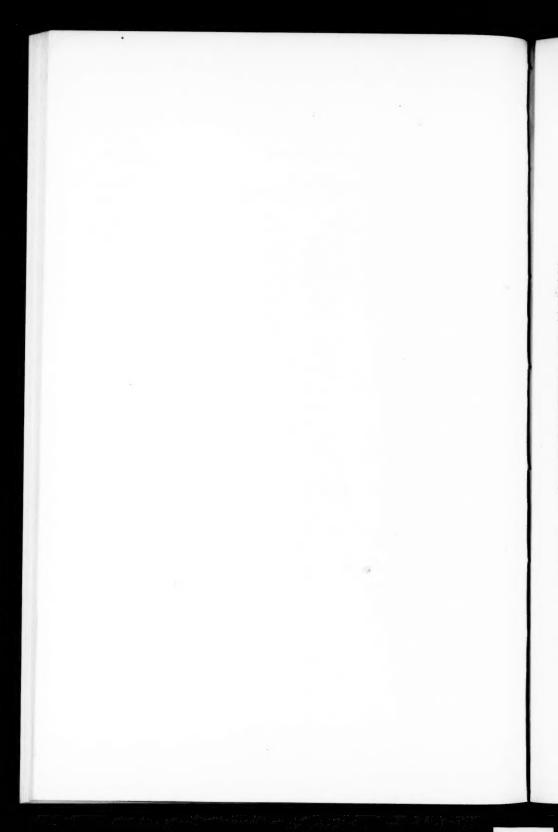
A DIFFICULT CASE.

take to service a girl of twelve years of age.

This unfortunate child cannot be recommended for truth. She is pleasant in manners, not unwilling to work, grate- Hamilton Place, Boston.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if we can name ful for kindness, but certainly will tell lies a private family, in the country, who will till she is taught better, and will, perhaps, use other language which she should not. In this last failure, however, she has improved in the last year.

Address the office of LEND A HAND, 3



Per ton

INDEX, VOL. II.

Pag		Pag	re
ABBOT, MISS ANNE WALES. 24, 85, 130, 186, 251, 31		Brattleborough, Vt., Report of 113, 67	
37		Burlington, Vt., Report of 30	
Aid Society, Boys and Girls 55		Central, Lend a Hand Society, Report of 36	
ALDEN, R. P		Cheltenham, Pa., Report of 56	50
ALLEN, REV. F. B		Coatsville, Pa., Report of	11
Almshouse, Industry in an		Crockett, Texas, Report of 62	21
Almshouses		Davenport, Ill., Report of 62	20
Animals, Sheltering Home for	5 "	Deerfield, Report of 49	
Arapahoe, Samuel 59		Eliot. Me., Report of 67	
Ash-bag, The		Englewood, Report of 74	0
	- 11	Fairmount, West Va., Report of 23	8
Baltimore	7 "	Fall River, Report of 49	
Barney, Mrs. J. K	T 14	Flushing, L. I., Report of 36	6
Barty the Little Vagabond 24 85 120 186 251 27	A 14	Forestville, Report of	
37	9 "	Forestville, Report of	
BASHFORD, J. W 53, 17	9 4	Gardiner, Me., Report of 49	
BATES, MRS. KINZIE	8 "	Germantown, Pa., Report of 237, 55	8
Birds, Protect the		Hampton, Va., Report of 29	8
Birthday Celebration	2 "	Indian Lend a Hand, Report of 61	
Birmingham, England	3 "	International, Report of 426, 49	
Blackwell's Island 62	2 "	Lakeview Report of	
Black Sheep	5 44	Lakeview, Report of	2
Black Sheep. 23 Blind, Needs of the 38		" " Yonkers, Report of 36	
BOND, ELIZABETH POWELL		" " of 1st, Pres, Church, Brooklyn,	
Books, New 119, 182, 245, 309, 373, 433, 501, 563, 62	6	Report of 42	6
BOTTOME MRS F		Lilies of the Field, Report of 553	
BOTTOME, MRS. F. 9. Boys' Clubs—What Shall They Do? 42 Boys, Save the 24	3 "	Louisville, Ky., Report of 30	
Boys Save the	3 #	Lowell, Mass., Report of	ĕ
Brooklyn, Asso. for Moral and Spiritual Elevation. 11	3 "	Lower Brule, Report of 42	8
BROOKS, MISS ANGELINE 41	, H	Lynn, Report of	
RROWN M F	5 "	Lynn, Report of	1
Brown, M. E	T H	Needham Mass Report of	
	. "	Needham, Mass., Report of	
	4 "	Newport R. L. Report of	0
BUTLER, MISS ROSALIE 574	4 "	New York Report of	
CAMPBELL, HELEN	R #	New York, Report of	
	0 11	Oshkosh, Wis., Report of	
	, ,,	Oshkosh, Wis., Report of	0
Chapter F P	2 11	Park Ridge, Ill., Report of	
CHAPLIN, F. P		Park Ridge, III., Report of	
Charitable Organizations, Reports of, 180, 245, 310, 374		Philadelphia, Report of	0
	2 11	Providence R. I., Report of	2
438, 502, 561, 625, 688 Charities and Corrections, National Conference of 490	3 11		
Charities of New York, Public 633		Rock Rapids, Iowa, Report of	
Charities of New York, Public		Salisbury, Conn., Report of	
Charity and Reform	, ,,	Springfield Mass Report of 678	
Charity and Reform	2 11		
Chautauqua, New England	11 1		
Chautauqua, New England	- 11	St. Louis, Report of	
Child and State			
	44 *		
Children's Aid Society, Brooklyn		The Boys'	
Children, The Professor's 671	14 *	Foledo Ohio Report of	
Chinese Quarter, From the	, 1		
Christian Union Portland Oregon			
Christian Union, Portland, Oregon 245		Whatsoever, To the	
" Work, Union for	" 1		
Christmas Letter Mission	Clubs,	Colored	
" Work, A Bit of 231	Clubs,	Co-operation of	
Citizen or Resident	" }	Forsyth St	
CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN	0.00	To the	
LOTHIER, MISS IDA C. 413 Llub, Bath, Me., Report of		house, Model 433	•
" Boston Report of	Coffee-	houses 7/8 Liquor-saloons	
Boston, Report of	Coffee-		
200 Tronorane, Commons, O., Report of, 300	Сопее	Stands, St. Andrew's One Cent 369	

Index.

Collegiate Alumnæ, Asso. of 49 COLLINS, REV J. C. 70 Colombia, Education in 63	
Colombia, Education in	o Hospital Cottages for Children, Baldwinsville 591
COLVOCORESSES, M. D.	7 Hospital Newspaper Society
COMYNS, MISS MARY B. 29 Conference, Cerberus of the	Houghton, Mrs. Louise Seymour 159, 212
Mohonk Indian	tion with
Conn Valley Harry Wedgeworth Assay B	Huxley, The "Tens" at
Convention, Christian Workers'	
Confession, Count Tolstoi's 53 Conn. Valley Harry Wadsworth Asso., Reports of 53 Convention, Christian Workers' 68: Co-operation 244, 439, 50: Co-operative Manufacture, Conditions of 15: Cottage St. Andrew's	Improvidence
Co-operative Manufacture, Conditions of 153	Incident, A True
Country Weekers, Our.	India, High-caste Women of
Cottage, St. Andrew's	New Service for the
CRAFTS, REV. WILBUR F	School Report
Cripples, Instruction for	School Report
CREHORE, C. E. 153 Cripples, Instruction for 566 CROCKER, MISS MARY G. 479	Ten Months work in New Haven. 17 Industrial Aid Society, Boston 240 Lansing, Mich. 241 Education Association, N. Y. 305 School, Cambridge Poor-house 119
Dawing Asset 7	Industrial Aid Society, Boston
Day Nurseries	" " Lansing, Mich 241 " Education Association, N. Y 305
Defense, Counsel for the,	" School, Cambridge Poor-house 119
Difficulties, Associated	Lawrence, Mass 307
Douglass, Richard D	" South End, Boston 370
	" Work at Newport
Easter Letter Mission 159 Education Association, Woman's, Boston 347 Extract from a Letter 238	In His Name
Extract from a Letter	Injured, First Aid to the
	Institutes, Dienstmann 387
Family, Children of One	Institutions, Mass. Reports of Public 128 Italy, Emigration from
Flower Mission, Newport	rtary, Emigration from
For Another, a Mono and a Biography 250	Japanese Kindness 240
Fort Marion, Apache Prisoners at	Jubilee Charities 603
Foundlings	KELLOGG, D. O
Friendless, Home for the 47	KELLOGG, D. O
Fruit and Flower Mission, Fall River	Kindergarten, A Mission 415 The Florence
3	Kindergartens Free San Francisco 646
GANNETT, REV. W. C 484	King Manhood or King Alcohol 554
GILMAN, M. R. F	King's Temperance Army
" REV. J. B 125, 217, 255, 515	King Manhood or King Alcohol
GANNETT, REV. W. C. 484 GARRETT, PHILIP C. 320 GILMAN, M. R. F. 274, 442, 578, 646 " REV. J. B. 125, 217, 255, 515 Girls, Advice to 610 " To the 413 GIENN 10HN 413	
GLENN, JOHN	Labor in England, Sunday Postal 626 LATHBURY, MARY A 515
	LATIBURY, MARY A
Grace of Giving, The	" " of the Home for Destitute Chil-
Graduation, His	dren, Brooklyn 230, 429 of the Working Girls' Asso., N. V 115 Our Temperance Ship 138
Guardianship of Poor Children in Mass 80	" " Our Temperance Ship 138
Guilford Street Foundling Hospital, Visit to 465	" " Our Temperance Ship
HAGER, KATHARINE 95	Liberty, Equality and Fraternity 695
HALE, E. E. 5, 69, 140, 198, 267, 330, 394, 423, 450, 520,	Lifting on Both Sides 480
HALE, MISS LUCRETIA P 124, 206	Little Theresa's "Posy."
HALL, C. P	Worker 108
HALL, C. P. 287 Hampton Boy, Speech of a. 437 Hand londing Prestical 437	LYMAN, ALBERT BENEDICT, M. D 387
HARRISON I R	Minimum Arminum C
HARRISON, J. B. 215 Harry Wadsworth and the Tens, Story of 357	Maria Jordan 510
MAYNES, MRS 62	MARCHANT, ADELAIDE G. 010 Maria Jordan. 510 MARSHALL, J. F. B. 445 MASON, MISS. 115 Massachusetts, Crime in 150, 497, 500 Matthew Middlemas's Experiment 697 McBRYDE, MISS M. 448 McCLEES, MRS, S. A. 220 Meals, One Cent 307 Meetings, Public 125 Ministering Children's League, The 559 Mission in America, Miss Leigh's, 411
Help	Massachusetts Crime in
Helping Hand Club of Phelps Chapel, N. Y 236 Here and Elsewhere	Matthew Middlemas's Experiment 697
Heroism, One Kind of	McBryde, Miss M. M
Hints and Helps	McCLEES, MRS. S. A
HOLDER, PHEBE A	Meetings, Public
" REV. F. W	Ministering Children's League, The 559
Home of the Merciful Saviour	Mission in America, Miss Leigh's, 411 "Mignonette
Home Missionary Society	" North End

Missio Missio Molly. Morals Morni Mora Mount Multip Musica Musica Musica

Naval New J New Y North Norwe Nurse Nurse

Open One v Orang Organ Orient Paris, Pastor

Patient Paupe Peabo Petition Philar Pittsb Plan, Poem Poor, """ Portla Pover PRES: Preve Prison

Proble Profit Promi Provide Police Public

REDE Refor Resol Rest, Retro RICH

Rosa Roya Russi

Sanit Sanit Sanit Sante

Missions of the Churches, Indian	Page Schaffer, Annie
Mission The Bahy's	School Commissioner The First French Woman 489
Molly	Schools, Vacation 607
Morals, Public Education in	Seaman's Friend Society, Boston
MORRIS, HELEN H	Sewing in Public Schools
Morning Helen H	2 Sidewalk Mission 360
Mountains of the Lord, The 51	5 Sister Dora Society
Multiplication	SMITH, MRS. V. T
Musical Tens	6 Society, Lend a Hand, 59th St., N. Y
	Song for the Lend a Hands 488
Naval Training School	2 Sparrows, Defense of the
New Jersey	
New Lin, Sarah	2 Stoves of Paris, The Public
" York, Public Charities of the City of 57	
Northwest Coast 65	Tangier's Vacations, Mr., 5, 69, 140, 198, 267, 330, 394,
Norwegian Nora, Little	450, 520, 584, 637
Nurses, Women	
Nuising, flistractive District	" So, in the Church, How We Got the 48s
Open Door, The	8 " Ouaker Interest in
One vs. Fifty	5 Question of
Orange-peel Society	8 Tenement Sanitation, Practical Hints 82 4 Ten, How a Wise California Woman Formed Her 106
Organizations, Work of Charity	4 Ten My
	TILDEN, REV. W. P
Paris, The Best Thing in	4 Ten, My
Pastors, How Boys and Girls Can Help Their. 53, 172	I ongue Guard Society 490
Patience	o Trade-unions in England
Pauperism	6 Tramp, Confessions of a
Peabody Trust, London	
Petitions, Temperance Union 42	0
Philanthropy, Need of Personal Influence in 15 Pittsburgh Asso, for Improvement of Poor 24	
Plan, A Half-formed 61: Poem, Anniversary 17: Poor, Amusements for the 43:	falo, N. Y
Poem, Anniversary	1
Poor, Amusements for the	
" Jewish Home for the	Vice, Crusade against
" Superintendents of the	7 Vice, Crusade against
" Superintendents of the	Waiting
Portland Fraternity	Wallowa Three Men of
Poverty and Pauperism	WEITZEL, MRS. S. W 195, 392
Prevention, The Work of 65	Where We May Serve Him
Prisoner A Letter from	White Cross Movement The
Problem, A	" " Society, N. Y 309
Problem, A 538, 601 Profit Sharing 564, 686 Promotion, Open 183	WHITMAN, MRS, BERNARD 334, 475, 607, 630
Provident Association, Kansas City	WINGATE CHAS E
Provident Association, Kansas City 64 Police Matrons 471 Public Schools, Walks in Boston 200	WOLCOTT, ILLIA
Public Schools, Walks in Boston 206	Woman's C T II National
PEDERDN MDC D E	" Conference, Extract from Paper Read
REDFERN, MRS. B. F	340
Resolve Club of 28th St. Working Girls' Society 62	Woman Interne in France, The First
Rest, Riverside 436	Woman's Temp. Pub. Association 484
Retrospect Historical	Women, Home for Friendless and Unfortunate . 625
Rhode Island	" Homes for
Rhode Island	Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mass 745
RICH, REV. A. J	
Book 17. Our Lady of the	
Russia, Higher Education of Women in 166	WOODS, MKS, KATE TANNATT
	Work, Indian.
SANBORN, F. B	Working Girls' Central Club, Brooklyn 63
SANBORN, F. B	" Societies, Association of N. Y. 352, 362
Santee River From the	" of Twelve Women
Santee River, From the	" of I welve Women 95
" Suffering on the	Year, Review of the

8996 11

